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THE

ROSE OF SHARON:

A

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR

M DCCC XLIV.

EDITED BY

Miss SARAH C. EDGARTON.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.
1844.

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PREFACE.

WHY should we spend our time in writing a preface, since so few will read it? And yet a preface must as necessarily be written as the title-page or the finis; for though a parent's enumeration of her daughter's accomplishments, and an editor's commendation of his own performances, very naturally savor of exaggeration, and are, therefore, not to receive implicit confidence, yet to usher one's progeny into the world with no letter of introduction to those whose favor it claims, would be equally discourteous and ill-advised.

We have but to say, however, that as faithfully as our abilities, and the materials with which we were furnished, would permit, we have endeavored to perform our annual task. This task has been both pleasant and improving; and we cannot allow this opportunity to pass, without expressing our grateful appreciation of the kindness of those who have assisted and lightened it. Difficult, indeed, would have been our duty, had it not been thus generously aided; and none can feel more sensibly than an

editor, how dependent we, every one of us, are, on the sympathy and fellowship of our friends. God bless them!

It is hardly becoming in us to allude individually to the contents of this volume. We believe none is without its value. Yet it is difficult to refrain from inviting the attention of the younger portion of our female readers to the character of "Emma," so beautifully and truthfully portrayed by the pen of one who had frequent access to the inner sanctuary of her being. It is a character to be studied, remembered, and applied. It is beautiful, progressive, and harmonious.

Many a parent's breast will be touched and soothed by the unaffected pathos and sweet simplicity of the poem entitled "A Vent to the Heart." We commend it to all who are mourning over the little flowers, withered and swept from their hearthstones. Look up, and see them blooming on God's bosom!

Finally, with an humble and serious heart, we commend our little "Rose" to the fostering dews of friendly favor; hoping for all kindness received, it may dispense a tribute of beauty and sweetness in return. It has a home-mission — may God bless its performance!

August 1.

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THE

ROSE OF SHARON.

HUMAN LIFE.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED LECTURE.

BY H. GREELEY.

To the piercing gaze of an unfettered spirit, unmindful of space, which should scan it from the central orb of our system, this fair globe of ours must afford a spectacle of strange magnificence and beauty. Rolling on, ever on, in her appointed round, the earth must present new scenes of interest and grandeur with every hour of her revolving progress: now the swarming vales of China and Japan; the sultry plains of India with its tiger-haunted jungles, relieved by the gaunt, bleak piles of the Himmalehs, piercing the very skies with their pinnacles of eternal

rock and ice; then appear the more alluring and variegated glades of Southern and Middle Europe; and with them the scorched and glowing deserts of Africa, shining in silvery worthlessness and arid desolation. The broad green belt of the billowy Atlantic now unfolds itself; and then appears the deeper green of this immense luxuriant forest, America, with the achievements of three centuries of advancing, struggling civilization barely sufficing to dot irregularly its Eastern border, and hardly equaling in extent those Prairie openings in its centre, which nature, or rather the red man's annual conflagration, has sufficed through many ages to hollow out by imperceptible gradations. From amid the all-embracing foliage, shine forth with steady radiance, yet with deep serenity, the mirror-like surfaces of the Great Lakes — the last surpassing in size, profundity and beauty; the slender threads of the father of waters and his far-stretching tributaries are seen disparting vales whose exuberant fertility has known no parallel since Eden; while, farther on, the tremendous chains of the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, heave up their scathed and rugged sides through the surrounding sea of verdure, as if in grim and haughty defiance to the utmost fury of the lightning and the hurricane, or in scornful exultation over the crouching

world at their feet. Soon the broad, placid surface of the vast unvexed Pacific presents itself, sprinkled with isles of deepest emerald, where flowers perennial bloom. And still the earth rolls on, and every hour shall bring to view fresh marvels to awaken the soul to a consciousness of the Infinite, to deepen the fervor of piety, and exalt the glory of the Great Supreme.

Yet, beyond doubt, the central figure of this vast wonder-work of creation around which all other entities and seemings cluster and revolve, is MAN. He is the presiding genius, the lord of the heritage. It is his presence which gives significance and interest to the landscape; which elevates fertility and beauty above barrenness and decay. Not in laughing meads, nor rippling streamlets; not in broad blue lakes, nor foaming cascades; not even in these vast, eternal forests, with their cavernous depths, their waving, swelling expanse of surface, their changing garniture, so green and now so golden; not in these, any or all of them, does the soul of nature find utterance. On no wild mountain-crag or lone savannah would the spirit-gaze dwell with clinging earnestness. But on the scenes of man's earliest, sternest, most momentous conflicts with nature, with destiny, or with his own blinding, blasting evil passions; on the narrow defile where the

Spartan handfull withstood the gathered might of a continent — the battle-field where a world was lost and won; on the widowed solitude wherein Rome broods disconsolate over the fading wreck of her grandeur and her power, or the wintry desolation wherein gray-haired Jerusalem crouches amid the ruins of her once impregnable towers and peerless temples, the ashes of her self-abasement trampled into her furrowed brow by the iron heel of sixty generations of tyrants. Through all circumstances, all events, this truth presents itself, that man's being is the essential fact; his intellect the imparted vitality of the world.

Human Life! how inspiring, how boundless the theme! Sadly, wildly has the poet sung of it; calmly, lucidly has the historian traced its meanderings; earnestly, gravely have the priest and the sage exposed and reproved its errors, from the birth of the race. The muse's story depicts it, the scholar's research illustrates, the statesman's harangue illumines and exalts. From the cradle over which the young mother bends with a novel sensation of wondering delight, to the bier around which all are melted in the brotherhood of a common sorrow, this life of ours is a marvel and a poem. The very vitality within us, the warm current flowing so impetuously, yet steadily, from centre to extremities, and returning to re-

new its ceaseless errand; the beating heart, the seething, working brain, the apt, instinctive eye and ear; can chemist or geologist, juggler or magician, show us wonders greater than these? The probing physiologist, the deep searcher into the hidden reason of things, begins by assuming the great mystery of all — Life; for this he dare not hope to unravel. Not his the capacity or the hope to explain how or why it is; here he must content him with the simple fact — IT IS.

Human Life! How is our every sympathy entwined with each emotion awakened by its contemplation! On every side it is putting forth manifestations to the observing eye of its energy and its beauty. Are we dwellers in the country? From that low-roofed cottage a youth is going forth with lofty heart to do and dare on the great battle-field of manly adventure. He has given ear to a father's counsel; he has knelt to receive a mother's blessing; he has smiled at the fears and regrets expressed by younger or tenderer hearts around him; for a sanguine spirit urges him on, and he sees, already, fortune and honors awaiting him in the distant city to which his eager footsteps tend. Not till the hour of parting has come and passed does he feel how heavy the chain *he* drags who goes forth for years from all he loves on earth; not till the stately branching

elms which overhang the dear spot have waved their last mute adieus to his backward glances; not till the stream which was the companion of his boyish pastimes has bent away from his rigid course and buried itself among wooded hills, does he feel that he has shaken off the companionships and supports of his youth, and is utterly alone. Now nerve your quivering heart, young adventurer! Summon every thought of hope, and pride, and shame, and press sternly onward; for a feather's weight might almost suffice to dash all your high resolutions, to chase away the dreams of hope and ambition, and send you back, an early penitent, to that lowly home which never seemed half so dear before.

Are we dwellers by the sea-side? Here the sailor is bending the white canvass for a voyage, it may be, around the world. Before he shall again drop anchor in the haven which he deems his home, he may from his vessel's deck gaze on the peaks of the Andes, the sulphurous flames of Kirauea, or may thread with his bark the perilous windings of the forest-mantled Oregon, may survey the porcelain towers of Canton, or the naked site of Troy, whose very ruins have vanished, leaving no monument of their existence, save in Homer's undying song.

Here, too, the emigrant is bidding adieu to the

ungenial land of his birth and his love, and, with his household gods around him, is seeking, on a distant shore, a soil on which his hopes may expand and flourish. Then is sadness, then is anguish in the parting hour; the tree most carefully transplanted must leave too many fibres in its native soil; and the life-long dweller in some secluded valley who first finds himself confronted with a thousand leagues of raging brine, across which lies the way to his unknown future home, may well recoil and shudder at the prospect. But the hoarse order to embark is given and obeyed; the last adieus are looked from streaming eyes; the vessel swings slowly from her moorings; the young look out in wonder on the bleak waste of stormy waters, and turn inquiringly to those who are, perchance, as young in this hour's sensations as they. And so wears on the passage; and, at length, amid new scenes, new toils, anxieties, and troubles, the pilgrim finds that Care rests its eternal burden on man wherever he is found—that earth has no more an Eden. What recks it? The same blue heaven bends lovingly over all the children of men. New scenes, new hopes, new prospects speedily dim the memory of keenest disappointments, of deepest regrets; and the heart transplanted sends out its tendrils in every direction, and learns to bloom and grow

again. And thus do all of us, each in his appointed sphere and season, open new chapters in the great volume of Human Life.

But let us not contemplate only individual aspects. This Life of ours has grander proportions, if we can but widen the sweep of our vision so as to reach its far horizon. Those daily acts, those common impulses, which, viewed individually, and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant or trifling, take a different aspect if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers which, impelled by brawny arms, are ringing out their rude melody day by day, contributing to the comfort and sustenance of man — those fleets of hardy fishers now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe to give light to the city mansion, and celerity to the wheels of the village factory — those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of the Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London, and belles of Pekin, alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness — let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood, or plain, or water, which chance to divide them. Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the great army which some chief or

despot assembles and draws out to feed his vanity by display, or his ambition by carnage; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until, beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort, a highway of commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported — is not theirs the nobler spectacle, more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song? Let us look boldly, broadly out on nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistant advance of the pioneers of civilization, the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come crushing to the earth. From Age to Age have they kept apart the soil and sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of axe-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio; to-day, it has crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cæsar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equalled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

The mastery of Man over nature — this is an

inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to lose its force. By the might of his intellect, Man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements are the submissive instruments of his will. He turns aside or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshop; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snort of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from Lakes to Ocean with a slave's docility, a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims, the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathing, speaks his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the resistless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What has old romance wherewith to match the everyday realities of the Nineteenth Century?

It is to this point that I would invite a general and fixed attention, — the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The Present is the proper theme of Poetry, the fitting scene of romance. Whoever shall even faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impulses, the lofty character of our time, is in no danger of passing through life groveling and unobservant as the dull beast that crops the thistle by the wayside. Why, what need have we to grope amid the lore of the Past for the materials of interest or instruction? The Past has its lessons, doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them; but were it otherwise, the Present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties, to engross all our thoughts, save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter. Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? they say well; but Genius died not with Greece, and Heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary in some far cluster of Indian lodges, of Tartar huts, cut off from society, from sympathy, and from earthly hope? How easy, how common

to dare death with Alexander! how rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good! Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race, in our day, — ill-directed as some of them appear, — and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce any thing, out of the sphere of Sacred History, half so heroic and divine. Let us, then, waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for high examples and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World embosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of Truth, of Freedom, and of Man, than those of our clime. Let us repel alike the braggart's vain-glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy, yet cherish the faith that nowhere are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections, or more magnificent landscapes, than those in which our own green land rejoices. Where shall the patriot pulse beat high if not on Bunker Hill or Saratoga? Where has nature displayed her grandeur if not in the great valley of the father of waters? Are not the scenes of man's noblest efforts, of God's rarest earthly handiwork, all around and among us? Have not *I* listened to the roar of Niagara, and stood by the grave of Mount Vernon?

* * * * *

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

A LEAF FROM THE VOLUME OF LIFE.

BY MISS C. A. FILLEBROWN.

CANST picture to thy heart, beloved, an old ancestral hall,
With towers of gray and massive stone, and ivy-covered wall;
Its wide, far-stretching avenues of tall and ancient trees,
Whose mighty limbs sway to and fro in every passing breeze?

That stately mansion stands beneath old England's changeful skies,
And pleasant is its grisly face when sunshine on it lies.
There, oft have pleasure's votaries met around the social hearth,
And oft those walls have echoed back the sound of joyful mirth.

Not many years have passed away, since from that lordly dome,
A fair young flower was borne away to grace another home;

A gentle bride, upon whose brow, scarce sixteen summers smiled,
Full of confiding tenderness,—half woman and half child!

The woman's graceful dignity and fondly trusting love,
With childhood's pure simplicity and innocence inwove;
And there were in th' untroubled depths of those clear azure eyes,
Revealings of a soul that claimed high kindred with the skies.

She was the last and fairest flower of all that ancient line,
And many a gallant cavalier had worshipped at her shrine;
But one, the playmate of her youth, had borne the prize away,
And village bells chimed merrily for Edith's wedding-day.

O, fair she was to look upon, in satin robe arrayed,
Her glossy, golden tresses twined in many a graceful braid;
While here and there, like sunbeams, fell a few soft, drooping curls,
Around the pure and open brow, that gleamed like molten pearls.

Bring hither shining myrtle leaves, and orange blossoms fair,
And bid them smile in loveliness amid the bride's bright hair!
Bring fresh and dewy blossoms, the earliest buds of May,
Meet offering for one as fair and beautiful as they!

A year hath passed—one little year! and to her ancient home,
With withered hopes and blighted heart, that gentle bride hath come!
The smile of trustful confidence has vanished from her face,
Her eye has lost its starry light, her step its careless grace.

The canker-worm has nipped the bud, in its first opening bloom,
And vainly seek they to avert fair Edith's early doom!
They bore her o'er the waters to Madeira's sunny isle,
And strove with many a gentle lure, her sorrows to beguile!

But day by day, her fragile form fainter and weaker grew,
And deeper in her sunken cheek became the crimson hue.
But this could not forever last, and so one balmy day,
Unto the trembling, hoping sire, she summoned strength to say—

"Father! 't is vain to spend the hours in idle dreamings now;
I feel the icy hand of death lie chill upon my brow!
O take me hence! I fain would breathe my native air once more—
I cannot bear to lay my bones upon this foreign shore.

"*My childhood's home!* like music-tones upon my ear it falls!
I see its ancient battlements, its lofty, pillared halls;

The sunny lawn, the wooded park, the grass-encircled
pond;
The hedgerows green, the flowery lanes, the village
church beyond!

"O take me thither once again! this isle is green and
fair,
And flowers unknown to northern climes, perfume the
balmy air;
Sweeter to me the fragrance won from fields of new-
mown hay,
And dearer far the hawthorn glen where I was wont to
play!

"And father! lay me not to rest within the burial-place,
Where rest the ashes of the brave, the honored of our
race!
Nor let the storied marble tower in pride above my head,
To blazon forth the lineage and virtues of the dead!

"But in the green old church-yard, through which, a
happy bride,
One little year ago I walked, when *he* was at my side;
Within the brightest, sunniest nook, where graceful
willows wave,
And purple violets gem the sod — there make my lowly
grave!

"O, I shall sweetly sleep amid the scenes I love so
well;
The chimes that hailed my marriage morn, shall sound
my funeral knell!

The south wind, sighing through the grass, shall lull me to my rest,
And flowers that gladdened erst my heart, shall bloom upon my breast!"

* * * * * *

Within that ancient hall no more is heard the sound of mirth;
The fire is quenched upon the lone and desolated hearth!
The voice is hushed, that on the ear like sweetest music fell,
And in her chosen sepulchre, fair Edith resteth well!

O plant ye not the mourning yew, nor let the cypress wave
Above the green and sunny spot where ye have made her grave!
Bring hither pale, sweet violets; 't is meet that they should shed
Their fragrant incense on the couch where sleeps the early dead!

INVOCATION.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

Come to me, come! I need your presence now,
In this my darkened hour!
Unto the idols of the world I bow,
And their chill shadows rest upon my brow,
Shrouding the beams of Heaven's eternal light,
With the gray mantle of earth's sombre night,
And bending to their power
Thoughts which should know no fetters but the will
Of Him who bids ambition's wave be still!

Come to me, come! the weak and sorely tried
Asks now your guardian care!
In hope's rich garland flowers have drooped and died,
Idols have fallen from their place of pride;
My heart has learned distrust, and throws around
Its holiest feelings, mysteries profound!
Hushed is the voice of prayer,
Or its low breathings need the buoyant wing
Of earnest faith o'er earth's thick clouds to spring!

Come to me, come! for o'er my spirit sweep
Visions of other years;

And soft hands clasp my own, and eyes that weep
Look into mine love's harvest-fruits to reap;
And voices, long since hushed, pronounce my name
With mournful tenderness, and feed the flame
Shining through many tears;
And struggling ever with the shades of earth,
Proclaiming thus its high, angelic birth!

Come to me, come! in the sweet hush of morn,
Or tranquil hour of eve,
Whene'er my heart with doubt and grief is torn,
Whene'er a heavenly hope for me is born,
Come on your noiseless wings, confirm the bliss
Found even in a saddened world like this!
Your peace around me leave,
Ambassadors of God! and tune your lyres
To strains undying love alone inspires!

BOSTON, MASS.

THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY FIRESIDE.

BY T. B. READ.

THE good old country fireside!
It is a place of mirth;
Three generations, old and young,
Sit round the blazing hearth.

The old man in the corner sits,
With eyes fixed on the blaze;
His cheeks are glowing with the flame,
And thoughts of bygone days.

The good wife, sitting opposite,
Her knitting-needle plies;
And kitty 's playing with the ball
That 's twice the kitten's size.

A moment more, the corn is brought,
And in the ashes cast;
A moment more, the children shout
To see it popping fast.

Now round the hearth, convulsed with mirth,
They gather, large and small;

With louder glee one shouts to see
  A profile on the wall.

But who sit in yon corner's shade?
  Why, sure, 't is John and May!
Why flits a blush across May's cheek,
  If one but looks that way?

Ah, May has sure a tender heart,
  And Love will have his sway;
He's warmed full many a colder heart
  Than throbs in breast of May.

Her lover is no dashing blade,
  With foppish airs put on,
But is, in truth, a gentle youth—
  An honest farmer's son.

The good old country fireside!
  When winter chills the grove,
The good old country fireside
  Is then the place for love.

Kate hears a step, she knows it, too;
  Her husband now has come
To guide her and the children safe
  Across the bleak heath, home.

Yet ere they go, the old Bible
  Is taken from its place;
A chapter 's read; the old man's prayers
  Approach the Throne of Grace.

The good old country fireside !
It is a place of prayer;
Three generations, old and young,
Enjoy rich blessings there.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1843.

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

It was a large and lofty apartment in the tower of an ancient castle, where the pale astrologer sat among his astral instruments and his heavy tomes, alone. The twilight of early summer was slowly dying into darkness; and, through the casement, he saw the mysterious stars come forth, one after another, to take their nightly watch in the broad, blue field above. Without, all was peace; but he who had been wont to watch the march of that glittering host with eager interest, to look upon their bright array with solemn and meditative joy, and to read, as in a book, their imagined, mystic influence over the fate of man, now turned away from their still and sweet companionship with a troubled soul and a shadowed brow. Had they in aught deceived him, those faithful sentinels upon the battlements of heaven? did he miss one looked for or familiar star from the watch-towers of the sky? was there another pleiad gone from the

sister train? No; they were all there in their accustomed places, and had he counted that brilliant company there would have been none to ask for, and none to mourn; then wherefore was he sad? that student skilled in starry lore, that gazer upon the gemmed and peaceful brow of night. They called him an astrologer and a philosopher; but they could not call him a sage, for age had not chilled his heart, and philosophy had not yet taught him her selfish lesson, to wrap the garment of superior wisdom about him, and stand aloof with supreme indifference, while the foolish world goes on as it will. He had not mingled much with the crowd, neither had he chosen for himself a cheerless solitude. Dear ones were near to bless him with their affection and sympathy, and he cherished as sweet a dream of woman's love and wedded happiness, as ever bewildered fiery youth or more thoughtful manhood. And was it a dream indeed, only a dream? must he awake and see it vanish forever? A heavy sigh broke the silence of that dim apartment, and he hid his face from the starlight, and murmured aloud, "O, Elizabeth! have I garnered up my trust in thee only to see thy virgin love won by another? have I watched, and cultured, and guarded the flower, that another may wear it in his bosom? have I sunned

myself in thy smiles, to see them lighting some other dwelling while I am left in darkness and despair? So vanish the hopes of man! so is he the fool of circumstance, and the plaything of fate. The joy of a lifetime may disappear in a moment; and a word or a glance may demolish the fabric we have been raising for years. How could I hope it would be otherwise? how could I believe that thy young heart might ever be mine? and why did I let this delusion blind me to the nature of thy affection for the tutor and cousin, or to the danger of losing thee, which was always lurking in my path? But shall I resign her without one effort to secure the treasure? May she not yet be mine? I will banish this budding affection for a stranger, a wild, romantic boy; she shall know how long, how truly I have loved her, and how the star of my destiny has bound my fate with hers. She will not refuse to make me happy. Interest, gratitude, and the affection she must surely feel for her cousin and friend, will all plead in my favor; she will yield to persuasion, forget this new and girlish fancy; and she cannot but love me as I wish when she sees herself my idolized and worshipped wife."

He paced back and forth through the wide apartment, and passion and principle were at war in his breast; but soon his step became less

hurried, and his brow more calm; then he paused before the Gothic window, and gave vent to his thoughts, while his eyes were fixed on the bright and silent stars. "Tempter, avaunt! Am I to come between a maiden and her first, happy love? Shall I stoop to purchase with *interest* and *gratitude* the half of a trusting and guileless heart? and shall I be as a cloud in her pathway, darkening the sunshine of her young years? Is this the lesson of philosophy, the practice of virtue, or the teaching of the high and holy stars? Forgive me, Heaven, if I have listened to temptation for a moment; if my soul has passed through a dark and sinful dream. But I am awake now, and nerved for the trial; I am ready to yield her to another, and she shall never know the height and depth of my affection, or the conflict of this passing hour."

He paused, for a light step was heard on the stair-way; the door opened, and a sweet voice inquired, "May I come in, cousin? Can a lonely and deserted demoiselle be permitted to disturb the meditations of a philosopher in his lofty and wizard tower? I have wandered about the castle in search of some one to gossip with, but they are all asleep, or silent; even my tire-woman is tongue-tied, for the first time in her

life, I believe, and I come hither as a last resort, hoping your highness will pity and talk to me."

"Enter, lady, and be seated, and such poor conversation as I can keep up is at your service; but it should indeed be a *dernier resort.*"

"'*Enter, lady!*'—do I hear aright? Richard, is it *you* that speaks, or some familiar stationed by your side? Call me Elizabeth, or cousin, *dear cousin*, if you love me."

"'Dear cousin!' 'if I love you!' Elizabeth, you know not—" He was on the point of pouring forth the torrent of burning thoughts that swelled his heart; but he checked the impulse, and added calmly, "Elizabeth, excuse my wandering words; you wakened me from a dream."

"Was it pleasant? if so, I am sorry my coming bid it vanish; but tell me your dream now, cousin, and I will interpret it."

"Nay, I cannot tell it, for it is gone. It was pleasant, at first, and then troubled and sad."

"I have no wish to hear it if it pained you; but, Richard, I can see, even by the light of stars, that your dear face is paler than usual. The atmosphere of your room is oppressive from the burning of drugs and fusion of metals; let us go out upon the balcony and breathe the cool evening air." She threw open the broad win-

dow which served for a doorway, and taking his arm, they passed out of the apartment, and stood beneath the stars.

"Cousin, I sought you in a gay mood, but you are sad, and my gayety has vanished. Why are you troubled? May not my ready sympathy in aught relieve you?"

She took his cold hand and pressed it to her lips with a pure and girlish kiss, and then raised her soft ethereal eyes with a questioning tenderness to his now flushed and half-averted face. She knew not how the touch of her rosy lips sent a thrill through his every vein, causing his heart to beat wildly, sending the blood to his temples, and then back, like a stream of fire, along each nerve of his frame. She thought not how her caressing words unmanned him, and never dreamed of being the cause of pain to one she loved so fondly as a cousin and a brother; for she gave him no dearer love, although he was one that a woman well might worship, and be proud to call her lord. True, he had passed the Rubicon of youth; for thirty and three years had his retainers kept his birthday with wassail and mirth; but he had not worn out and wasted his springtime in vice and dissipation, and his heart was as youthful as are many whose owners count no more than twenty years. None could see his

form without marking its elegant and faultless proportions, and none could look upon his face and forget its intellectual and remarkable beauty; the high and thoughtful brow, the eloquent and chiseled lips, with their sweet and melancholy smile, and the deep, dark, tender eyes, whose glance would almost melt those they rested on to tears. Could one so gifted with intellect and grace love vainly a girl of seventeen summers? Why should we ask? As the love of the thoughtful and the gifted is more pure and true than a common and idle passion, so is it more often unhappy, or unreturned.

"Dear cousin, you will not unfold to me the cause of your despondency. To-morrow is your birthday; will you appear at the feast and the dance with such a clouded brow? I have looked forward to the time with pleasant anticipations, but I shall not be happy if you are sad. May not our vexing cares, our earthly thoughts, be soothed and elevated by holding communion with the radiant and lovely stars? How many sweet lessons have you taught me in the lore of the skies, and how ignorant should I be of all science if the Lord Richard had not condescended to be my dear and gentle tutor; for I could never have learned so much from one that I did not love. Kind cousin, do you indeed believe that the life

of man is in aught connected with, or influenced by, the motion of the stars? Do those orbs indeed unfold to the sage and searching mind the story of the future, which is so thickly veiled from common eyes? Has Providence, since the days of the prophets and seers of old, ever vouchsafed to mortal mind a knowledge of events which are yet to come to pass? You have told me, many a time, how wild are the theories which even wise men have clung to, and yet I fear I am superstitious; for it seems to me that you, who are so lofty-minded and so good, whose thoughts dwell as it were in heavenly places and among the stars, might indeed read the book of fate, and be warned of that which others cannot know. You have told me that the sage who once occupied this apartment, who was your father's friend, and the teacher of your youth, watched the aspect worn by the planets at my natal hour, and that the horoscope he then cast was left in your possession. Let me see it, Richard; let me know whether the destiny then foretold was dark or bright."

"Elizabeth, you ask me many questions ere you pause for a reply. The horoscope which I have before refused to show you, is destroyed."

"And you destroyed it?"

"I did."

"And wherefore, Richard? but you can tell me what it was. Tell me now; I listen, while yonder rises the bright star which rules my fate."

"They call me an astrologer, my dear young cousin, because they are ignorant of the noble science which I study and love. Have I taught you more than the names, motions, and places of the heavenly bodies? have I told you there was any clue to the future of man's frail existence twined among those worlds of light? and have I displayed other knowledge than that of the present and the past, required by patient study and calm reflection, which I care not to waste on idle and useless lore? True, the tutor of my early years unfolded to me the principles of his forbidden art; but do I countenance or advocate its practice? True, also, we have discussed the fantasies and theories of the age, and their coloring may have become mixed with our dreams and thoughts; for the wisest of our day and generation are not exempt from superstition, and I fear the time is far distant when the folly of striving to find out that which is wisely hidden, will be countenanced no more. I will not pretend to be entirely free from such weakness; but when I read in your horoscope, that in youth a bitter trial would come, ending in death, I did

not seek to know whether it was death for yourself or one most dear, but without pausing for a moment, gave the parchment to the flames. The language of the prediction was vague. It spoke of a happy childhood; of a struggle in early life; of deep affliction, and then the more fearful scene, the very thought of which chilled my blood and made me unwilling to know more. Now, Elizabeth, I have told you all, for you wished it, and your wishes are my law. You can judge for yourself whether there is any satisfaction in listening to what we deem an idle prophecy, and certainly there could be none if we believed it true."

"No, cousin, there is not much pleasure to be derived from such dark forebodings. My sunny childhood is past, and the future is to bring me a store of sorrow; but you will be near to love and comfort me, dearest cousin; it were sorrow, indeed, to be severed from you."

She clung more confidingly to the arm on which she leaned, as if there was fear in the very thought, and the moon, which had now risen, shed a broad ray over her lovely upturned face, and Richard seemed to see in the sad expression that crossed it, a shadowing forth of the evil to come. Suddenly, a soft strain of melody broke the stillness around, and the startled

Elizabeth exclaimed, "the evening stars are singing together! it is the music of the spheres!" but in a moment she recognised a familiar voice, and a deep blush, which the moonlight revealed, covered her cheek and brow. Her companion also knew the voice, and marked the blush, which gave him pain at another confirmation of his fears; but he said calmly, "Come, Elizabeth, the horologe has struck the hour of ten, and we shall be dull at the fête to-morrow, if we tarry longer with the moon and stars. The minstrel has stationed himself beneath the lattice of your own apartment, and there you can listen to his song, which, if I mistake not, is poured forth for no ears but thine."

He led her from the tower, and with a kind "good night," they separated at the door of her apartment; the one to slumber sweetly when the lover's song was ended, while her rest was colored with rosy dreams; and the other to pace his room till midnight, and then toss upon a couch disturbed by mocking visions, till morning called him from a sleep which had brought no rest.

The birthday fête was over, and Elizabeth tarried in the boudoir of her aunt, the lady Rachel, who she thought appeared to have something to communicate. Could it be touching the

subject nearest her heart? She had enjoyed the festivities of the day, notwithstanding the pale and dejected countenance of her cousin; for she had listened to a tale of love which needed but the sanction of friends to insure it a fond return.

"You have been gay, to-day, my sweet Elizabeth; but my son was sad. Did you mark the shadow upon your cousin's brow?"

"Yes, dearest aunt, and yet I passed him once or twice without one kind inquiry. How could I be so thoughtless! But he seemed to avoid me; can I in any way have displeased him?"

"Nay, I think not. Richard loves you too well to treat you with displeasure."

"My good, my noble cousin! yes, he loves me far better than I deserve."

"Elizabeth, do you know the nature, the extent of his love?"

"Dear aunt, you startle me! O, what is it you would say?"

"And are you all unconscious of the passion so long cherished, so deeply seated in your cousin's heart? Elizabeth, even from childhood he has regarded you with that affection which a heart like his can lavish only upon one. His plaything in infancy and childhood, he was ever near to watch your steps and shield you from

evil; and your youth, so far, has passed within the shelter of his love. Your character has been elevated by his constant companionship, and through his teaching your mind is stored and expanded with knowledge such as few of your sex obtain. He was training you for usefulness and happiness; he hoped to be always near you, and indulged the fond idea of calling you his wife. Elizabeth, have you been blind to all this?"

"O, aunt, your words fill my soul with anguish! Heaven grant you may be deceived!"

"He is the heir of his father's name and virtues, and the only child of my love. Think you my anxious fondness could fail to read his heart; and can a mother be deceived? But why should this pain you? Is it not in your power to make him happy, and reward the devotion of so many years? Elizabeth, in this very apartment, your dying mother, the sister of my lamented lord, gave her child to my arms, imploring me, as far as possible, to be to it what she would have been if her life was spared. You were but an infant, and retain no remembrance of your suffering and angel mother. Your father had died in India a few months before, and left no portion for his widow and orphan. I loved you then, Elizabeth, for your

mother's sake, and soon I loved you for your own. I have endeavored to supply the place of a parent, and hoped that you would, indeed, be my daughter; and I sought to fit you for the station which might be yours as lady of these broad lands, this time-honored castle, and the affections of my only son. But you look distressed and pale, my child. Is there any thing to distress you in the love of your cousin? have I said aught to give you pain?"

"Dear aunt, I am weary and ill. This is so sudden, so unexpected, I know not how to receive it. Trust me, I am not insensible to your own and my cousin Richard's unexampled kindness and love; but allow me to retire now, and I shall be better prepared to express my gratitude on the morrow."

It was a sad night to Elizabeth, for her first trial had come; and how could she be so ungrateful as to turn from the love of her cousin, and give her heart to one who was comparatively a stranger? She feared it was her duty to forget this new affection, and become the wife of Richard if such was his wish; but would he wed himself to a divided heart? She must not pain him with the knowledge of her regard for another; she would hide it in her own breast forever. But was it right to deceive him? No!

she would confide unreservedly in her dear and noble cousin, assured that he would point out the path of duty, and aid her to walk therein.

The morrow came and brought the cousins early together. The meeting was painful to both; for Richard had been informed by his mother of her conversation with Elizabeth. He regretted it, and he had not thought she could be so indiscreet. The young lover had, in the mean time, with the impatience of youth, applied to him, as standing in the place of a brother, for Elizabeth's hand, and was received with kindness and encouragement. He mentioned this, at first, to Elizabeth; — spoke of him as worthy of her choice, though somewhat rash and inexperienced, but time and a gentle wife, would remedy such defects in his character. They were equal in rank, and his family should not object from her want of fortune, for the sister of his love should be portioned with a dowry they could not despise. Then he drew from her an undisguised confession of her regard for the young suitor; afterward, he alluded to his mother's conversation, and though he did not deny the truth of her remarks, neither did he assent to them; but spoke so calmly of his affection for his sister and cousin, Elizabeth was sure he would reject the sacrifice though she offered

to give up all for his sake; and when the interview was over she felt almost light-hearted again, for she thought her aunt must be mistaken, so deceived was she by her cousin's assumed composure; for such is the power of a strong mind over itself and those who come within its influence.

Ere long the marriage was consummated; but it would lengthen out our sketch too much to detail, circumstantially, the joy and grief which followed, or the sadness that folded itself deep in the heart of Richard when the sunbeam of his soul had departed.

Four years were added to the chronicles of time, and the childless and widowed Elizabeth had returned to her early home. Sad and harrowing were the scenes she had passed through since she left those walls a bride. Two lovely children were borne from her arms to the slumber that needs no mother to watch over it, and the idolized husband, who left her for a few moments to attend some festive meeting, was brought back a pale and rigid corpse. High-minded and impetuous, he had taken offence at some remarks of a young nobleman who was present; fiery words followed, resulting in a duel and death; and the fond wife, who had seen the lord of her affections go forth in the pride and

strength of manhood, while his parting kiss was yet warm on her lips, and his last words echoing at her heart, was called to gaze upon the wreck of his beauty, and to mourn over his sinful rashness and untimely end.

We drop the veil over anguish too deep to be described; but time passed on, and resignation performed its perfect work in the soul of the suffering woman.

Again, Richard and his companion of former years were together in the tower and study of the astrologer. The same stars beamed through the Gothic window, but a change had passed over those who watched their silent march. It was not an outward change with the student, for he stood there in his ripe years, in the perfection of manhood, and time seemed loth to rob him of any of his gifts; but there was a change within, for deep peace was a dweller in his heart. No trace of passion could be discovered in his serene, intellectual countenance, and the world's vexing cares had made no furrow on his open and marble brow. But great indeed was the change in Elizabeth; a casual observer would have pronounced her the elder of the two. Her fair, round form had become slight and attenuated; her face was as colorless as a statue, for no bright hue had crossed it since the moment

that she looked upon her dead lord, when the blood seemed to have been driven to her heart, and frozen there, never to course through her veins again; and the long, soft tresses, once so beautiful, were gray as the locks of fourscore. It is said the unfeeling have few gray hairs; and how deep-felt must have been the sorrow which changed the brown, redundant curls on that young head to a silvery hue.

They had been silent for some time, and Elizabeth was the first to speak. "Richard, I have been thinking of the horoscope. Is it not strange that it so truly foretold my fate?"

"So it seems to us, now; but is not life made up of trials, Elizabeth? True, all are not so harrowing as yours; but can we look even upon an innocent child, without thinking of the danger and sorrow which are lurking in its onward path, and were our thoughts written down and remembered, would not the sad future make them seem like a prophecy? And may not the wise and thoughtful mind, without supernatural or unhallowed aid, sometimes look so far into futurity as to be warned of events which are shortly to come to pass?"

"You are right, cousin, and it might have been mere chance which shaped the prediction. I will speak of it no more; but O, how vividly

now comes back the evening before me, when we stood beneath yon spangled canopy, and spoke of the starry influence, and held sweet counsel together till the uprising of the silver moon. It seems like the memory of some past existence; and then the intervening years appear as a bright vision, fading, darkening, and ending in a feverish and fearful dream; but, alas! it was all real, and my heart is weighed down with a sense of my loveless and lonely lot."

"Speak not so despondingly, dear Elizabeth; why should your fate be lonely or loveless, while a fond aunt and cousin are near, to pour the balm of affection into your wounded and aching heart? I have a boon to ask of you, my cousin; but first bear with me while I, too, speak of the past; the past, when a fair girl was my constant companion, sharing my grave studies, enlivening my idle hours, and twining herself around my heart till it was all bound up in her alone. Another gazed upon the cherished flower which I hoped would be all my own. It was yielded to his ardent desire, and the pain my heart endured at parting from the treasure, was hidden from every eye. Hopeless and weary years wore on, uncheered by the presence of aught which could fill its place, and then the flower returned, bowed by the storms of life, to the shelter that had

protected its opening bloom. And now, Elizabeth, may not the flower be mine?"

"O, Richard! What is it that you ask? Is not the flower faded, crushed, and worthless? Where is its beauty, that it should find favor in your eyes?"

"Crushed it may be, and faded; but it is dearer now than in its freshest hours. Elizabeth, have you no cheering answer to my request?"

"Richard, you forget the years that are flown, and speak to the hopeful and happy girl, not to the stricken and sorrowing woman. Look on me, Richard! Mark the pallid face, the faded eye, and the silvered tress! Would you fold such a wreck to your heart? Could you lead me to the altar, and give me the name of wife? Dear cousin, do you indeed know what it is that you ask?"

"Elizabeth, I do not speak to you thus from any sudden impulse, or without weighing well my words. I do not wish you to prove unfaithful to the dead. I hope only for a calm and confiding affection, such as I know you have ever given me; and I ask for the right to be always near you, to fold you in my arms, and shield you from every ill that watchful and anxious love can avert. I would make it my duty, as well as my delight, to devote myself entirely to your good.

The husband might be no dearer than the cousin, but his power would be greater to cherish and protect. I offend not your ears with the declaration of a common and earthly passion; mine is the unsullied affection, the pure and holy love, which assimilates and unites soul to soul; and it is the same now that it was when you stood beside me in your blushing girlhood, tracing the courses of the glittering stars. I ask you to crown the hope, and reward the devotion of my past life, only that through all the future my love may, by a holy tie, be sanctioned and set apart for you. Dear friend, beloved Elizabeth, do I ask too much?"

"Alas! my most true and long-tried cousin, how can a faded form and blighted heart reward such unexampled and unwearying affection? but such as I am, and can be, — if you do indeed so earnestly desire to call me yours, — take me, Richard, and I will be to you a tender and faithful wife."

She placed her thin hand in his, and pressing it reverently to his lips, he answered, "Elizabeth, *my Elizabeth*, now am I repaid for all that is past! now am I blest indeed!"

HARTFORD, CONN.

JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

"Joan was obliged to submit to various private examinations in her prison. The bishop wished to put her to the rack, and the instruments of torture were placed before her; but the dreadful sight was incapable of betraying her into any variation or equivocation in her answers."

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

A DUNGEON'S glooms are round the maid, and dark-
browed men are nigh,
And bitter are the mocking words that tell her she must
die;
Yet o'er her cheek, and full, bright eyes, there comes
no terror now,
And not a craven muscle moves upon her fair, white
brow.
"But there are things that yet shall bid that haughty
spirit quail—
Things, at whose very name alone, that stubborn will
shall fail;
Scourge, torture, flame—think well of *these!*—and
Seine's unresting wave,
Where thy base ashes yet shall find a wild, unhallowed
grave!"

Sure, this is doom that well may blanch the sternest
maiden's cheek,
And make her lofty courage bow, subdued, and tame,
and weak —
In vain! there 's but a prouder glance of the unshrink-
ing eye,
As high she lifts her fettered hand. "Think ye I fear
to die?
Have I not borne my bannered cross with a defenceless
hand,
Amidst your ranks of bravest steel, the surest of your
land?
Have I not smiled at sword and spear, when on the
purple plain
Mine own life-blood went streaming down amongst
your thousands slain?
Talk ye of *torture*, now? Go, learn, the prisoner and
the slave
Knows of no torture save the walls that build his living
grave;
No anguish like the thwarted will, the energies, in
chains —
Think ye the spirit that bears *these* can shrink from
meaner pains?"

They listen to those haughty words; they thought to
work despair,
But, clear and sweet, the firm, rich tones float on the
dungeon air.
It must not be; that conscious strength must yet in
weakness bow,
And the dark purpose stands unchanged upon each
frowning brow,

There still are thoughts with fearful power to make
that spirit feel,
Although too lofty for the pang of scourge, and flame,
and steel.
There is a torture keener far to woman's shrinking
heart,
For woman's love of spotless fame is of her soul a
part.
"Ha! fearest thou not to die, proud girl, to die in anguish vain,
So nations shall look on, and mourn the Maiden-leader
slain,
The warrior-saint, whose very name was terror to the
foe,
At which e'en England's chieftains quailed till justice
laid her low!
Thou diest not thus; mid scoffs and jeers that fatal hour
shall fly;
Ay, we can pluck the triumph yet from out thy glazing
eye!
And, more than this, the scathing brand of obloquy
and shame
Shall stamp its deep, undying curse upon thy maiden
fame."

A dreadful thought! a moment's pang runs through her
shivering frame,
A moment, falls beneath their gaze her dark eye's
wonted flame;
Then gathering up its thoughts again, her soul renews
its might,
And from those speaking eyes looks forth in more than
regal light.

She stands erect, and, flinging back the clustering golden hair,
Meets with a free, undaunted smile, the scornful glances there.

"Vain, foolish men! and what have I to do with shame and fear?
My lofty mission doth not own a base-born hope or tear.
Was I not called to cast away the joy of woman's life,
To tread the camp with mail-clad men, and lead the van of strife?
The Sent of Heaven, I came to free our soil from foreign tread,
And place my country's crown again upon her monarch's head.
And now my trust is all fulfilled; and shall I dread the flame,
Or weep that heartless scoffers throw their falsehoods on my name?"

"Joanne! Joanne! Through vine-wreathed haunts thy careless brothers play;
Thy gray-haired father tends his flocks where laughing brooklets stray,
And thy sad mother weeps alone beneath the cottage trees,
And listens, listens for thy voice in every passing breeze."

O, now, Joanne, thy soul is moved. Soft visions round thee sweep, —
Scenes that have long been far away, except in fitful sleep, —

Memories that on thy triumph-day o'ercast thine eyes with tears, —
That dear, dear home, and all that made the joy of girlhood's years!

"And shall I never see thee more, mine own delightful home!
Nor fetterless as thy free winds among thy green fields roam?
Those singing brooks! and shall their tones be never in mine ear,
And those dear voices, I could die but only once to hear?
O, Mother! Mother!"

And her words sink down to murmurs low,
And the fair face wears a mournful cloud upon its beauty now.
She doth not heed those cruel men; her life is in her dreams,
Mid olive dells, and vine-clad hills, her native woods and streams.
But those dreams pass. Around her soul another light is flung;
High, solemn joy is in her eye, deep music on her tongue.

"Ay, I *was called!* Strange whispers broke my spirit's solitude,
By font and cave, in the deep glen, and in the dreamy wood.
I heard them when the morning dawned upon the dewy hill,
And when the evening moonbeam lay upon the vineyards still;

I woke at midnight's solemn hush, and yet those sounds were near,
And all my inmost soul was thrilled with awe, but not with fear.
And glorious visions have been mine amid the haunted wild;
Bright, angel forms, with gentle looks, so thoughtful and so mild,
Have walked with me in lonely dells; O, words can never tell
The holy rapture that enchained my spirit like a spell!
They bade me go! How could I stay, though grief they might not speak
Was written on my father's brow, and on my mother's cheek?
I left them all. O, Thou in heaven, mine only Father now,
Thou knowest that I have done THY WILL, and kept my sacred vow;
And Thine own holy ones have come to chase the fiends away,
Who sought, among my dungeon glooms, to make my mind their prey;
I thank Thee, Father, for *that* sign; now when the stake is piled,
I *know*, All just and Blessed One, Thou wilt not leave Thy child!"

Those fierce and iron men stand mute, a chill is on their frames,
As if they more than half believe her high and holy claims,

And round the dimly-lighted cell they cast a fearful eye,
To catch, perchance, those shadowy forms they almost
deem are nigh.

She speaks again:

"Go, build the pile! The dead alone are *free!*
And on your future battle-fields my spirit yet shall be.
My voice shall rouse the sinking heart when terror hath
its hour,
And nerve the bravest warrior's arm with tenfold skill
and power;
When from my country's wakened sword your bannered
bands shall flee,
And England's chivalry is low, *ye will remember me!*
I see! I see! The light of death makes all things
bright and clear,
And down, far down the future's depths, what glorious
scenes appear!
My country, yet redeemed, shall rear a proud imperial
throne,
And many a bright historic name shall hail her as its
own.
O, there's a sea of human blood; yet loftiest human
souls
Are breaking from its fearful flood as high each billow
rolls —
Strong, holy hearts, whose noble aims, and purposes
sublime,
Throw beautiful and blessed gleams along the track of
time.

Brave women, too, at Freedom's call, shall cast aside the lyre,
And on the block, with smiling lip and radiant eye, expire;
The grand in intellect, and pure — a glorious, starry band,
Thy women-martyrs yet shall be, O, mine own heroland!"

THE UNCULTIVATED GARDEN.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

We had a pretty garden plat,
  Yet flowers we planted none;
We left it to the summer rain,
  And to the summer sun.

But soon the weeds sprang up therein,
  And rapidly they grew;
There was plenty of blossoming "Mayweed,"
  And wild briers, not a few.

The "Roman wormwood," coarse and tall,
  Grew high above my head,
And many a rugged leaf was seen,
  Amid our garden bed.

In its giant pride, as if monarch there,
  Upgrew the thistle tall;
There, too, were patches of tangled grass,
  And there was the "chickweed" small.

Then come the gay "wild cucumber" vines,
  To clamber from weed to weed.
Transforming our desolate garden plat
  To a wilderness, wild indeed;

To hang o'er the pathway droopingly,
  To twine round the sunny wall,
And over the woodshed, rude and old,
  In a drapery rich to fall.

There was a stately lattice-work,
  Where a fair "classina" grew,
But the bold intruders climbed up thereon,
  And their foliage round it threw.

Weeks passed—our wreathing classina grew
  Paler, and still more pale,
For scarcely a sunlit ray might pass
  Through their darkly shadowing veil.

Then gave we thought to the rugged weeds
  In that garden plat of ours;
And we wondered, such troublesome things should
      grow
  In a place designed for flowers.

But the weeds were tall, and the weeds were strong;
  So vain was our earnest toil,
Till a strong man came with mighty power
  To uproot them from the soil.

Oh, are there not some human hearts
  Where passion-weeds grow tall,
Till suffering, with its mighty power,
  Comes to uproot them all?

GROVE WORSHIPINGS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Oh for the pomp of waters! for the roar
  Of waves infuriate, plunging to be free!
For rocks deep-rent by lightnings, and hung o'er
  With moss, and vines, and many a gnarled old tree!
For thunderings, low and distant, and the swell,
  Monotonous, but deep, of the great sea!
And the slow throbbing toll of some old bell,
  At twilight heard, upon the bended knee!

Oh for a solitude upon some shore
  Where I might pour my spirit forth to Him
Who, by the anguish of the cross he bore,
  His bleeding side, wet brow, and quivering limb,
Proved his deep suffering love for me and mine!
  Saviour, thou Son of God! my soul hath sought
In vain, through all its haunts, a fitting shrine
  Where it may lift to Thee its burning thought.

Yet Thou wert *never* stern. Sublime, and strong,
  And sinless, yet most meek! Thy shrine should be
Rather the haunt of wildflowers, where the song
  Of the bright black-bird thrills upon the tree,

Than one of fearful grandeur, swept by storms,
  And filled with awful music from the waves,
Or peopled with strange fantasies and forms
  That start to life from Memory's ivied graves.

Here, in this loveliness of woods and shades,
  Where the dark pine is sighing in the breeze,
Where the bright sunshine quivers through the glades,
  And falls in mottled gold beneath the trees,
Here will I dedicate, with voiceless prayer,
  A holy altar unto God and Thee —
And the dim wood, and the religious air,
  My temple and my sacristy shall be.

A temple filled with flowers! whose fragrant breath
  Comes o'er my sense like music o'er the soul!
The eye meets here no token of dread Death,
  No fragment of the spirit's broken bowl.
All, all is joyous life? and life is sweet,
  Could we but make it what Thy love designed —
A state where soul its kindred souls may meet,
  And love with mortal love may be entwined.

Life is not what it should be, what thy word
  Scattered in old Judea, years ago,
Would make it even now, if rightly heard,
  And followed in our being's daily flow.
Oh Saviour! wars are with us, and bold crimes;
  And man looks up beneath the fair blue sky
And mocks thy name; and there are fearful times
  When Sin walks by us with defying eye.

We need Thee with us—Thee, whose patient life
  Was one calm triumph of the Good and True;
We need Thee here to still our heartless strife,
  To love and weep as Thou wert wont to do!
Wert Thou but here, our steps would follow *Thee;*
  We would throw by these Idols of an hour,
These dreams of love and greatness, and be free!
  Nor free alone, but nerved with victor-power!

And art Thou not, Oh Prince of Glory, *here?*
  Can we not follow where thy feet have trod,
And, by an humble love and faith sincere,
  Approach the likeness of the Son of God?
Thy LIFE is with us, and thy quickening WORD —
  Shall these be hidden from our daily sight,
Or only 'neath the temple's arches heard,
  Or dreamed of in the still, inactive night?

Oh, no! Thy holy lessons shall be learned
  By wayside connings in our daily walk.
And, as the hearts of thy disciples burned
  When listening, as they journeyed, to thy talk,
So shall *our* souls be thrilled, *our* hearts subdued,
  By the deep wisdom of thy gentle speech,
Until with light, and peace, and love imbued,
  Thy kingdom, and its rest divine, we reach.

THE MIND.

BY T. B. THAYER.

THE greatness of the human Mind — who has measured it? who can? How wonderful in its strength, and in the glory of its revelations! How transparent, at times, its words and thoughts of infinite meaning; and again, how clothed in strange mystery; beneath which, nevertheless, may be dimly seen the colossal outlines of the giant struggling up from darkness into light! How awful, how lovely, even in its worst estate! A Mirabeau, a Napoleon, a Kepler or Newton, a Plato, an Oberlin or Howard, a Washington — how wonderful, how beautiful, though sometimes clothed in fire-robes, was the human Mind in these men! How tireless in its toil, how lofty in its aspirations, how gigantic in its purposes, how sublime in its faith and endurance! Truly, the apotheosis of great souls, the creation of demi-gods in the cloud-begirted ages of the Past — this is no mystery, no matter of astonishment. As men stood out there under the heavens, in

that solemn night of the nations, asking for help, or wandering they knew not whither, they gladly turned to the bright star that came forth from the bosom of darkness to bless and guide them. And as the beautiful spirit shed its calm and loving radiance on them, is it surprising that they should call it god, and bow down to it, and by and by worship?

How glorious is the mind in its strength, in its far-stretching vision! Under how great difficulties has it risen up and mastered the mightiest problems, and flashed the lightning of its truth into the darkest regions of ignorance and mystery.

Let us speak of one department only. Consider what it has accomplished in the science of Astronomy alone — and with what means. This earth of ours is made familiar to us as the playground of our childhood. The great problems of its form, weight, and motions, of day and night, of the seasons, of the tides, have been unfolded as plainly as the multiplication-table of the school-boy. From this it has soared upward, weighed and measured the sun and the planets, solved the mystery of their being, explained the laws of their revolutions, looked into their faces with an unflinching eye, and called them by their names. And still unsatisfied, it has risen

up into the awful depths beyond, and stretching forth its hand, has taken the flashing star-diamonds from their setting in the skies, and sent them forth, mighty worlds, sailing through infinite space. And how has this been done? with what means have these works been wrought out? This, more than all, declares the greatness of the human mind.

Mark that thin, pale-faced man, who sits out there under the night skies. Weariness and feebleness are on him, but his eye is lighted with the fire of intellect, and God has put his own seal upon his noble brow. He has beside him a few charts and mathematical tables; and a quadrant, and a tube with some pieces of glass simply arranged within, are before him. A few square feet of ground are enough for his operations; and with his glass upward pointed, moving to and fro, along the face of the heavens, lo! what glorious wonders unveil themselves at his bidding!

Worlds on worlds, that no man before has seen, rise upon his vision. Star after star, and sun after sun, which have hitherto hid themselves from mortal eye, come forth at his call from the fathomless depths of night, and wait silently till he has made himself familiar with their countenances. System upon system go sweeping in

solemn glory and beauty before him; while cluster after cluster, farther and farther on into the unknown, reveal themselves, till it would seem at last as if the very throne of God were about to disclose itself! The mind of that man — what is it? what are its workings? with whom its silent and lone communings in this hour?

But here! fix your eye upon that lovely planet, or yonder shining star! ask the pale-faced student of nature, and he will answer your questions. He will tell you its name, he will measure it as with a line and plummet, and weigh it for you, and give you its velocity. He will tell you of its course in the heavens, where it has been, and whither it is going, and how long it will be gone, though it be years; yea, though it be hundreds of years. He will put his finger on the very point in the night-clad skies where you shall see it next, and he will tell you the day and hour when you shall find it there! And all this shall be — nay, all this *is*, as he tells you. So wonderful, so awful is the human soul! so glorious are the revelations it has made, as, science-winged, it has taken its flight through the boundless depths of space!

Truly, we may say again, How sublime is the human mind standing forth in its strength,

clothed in its God-given regalia. With what mingled awe and joy are we possessed, when we see it unfolding its lofty faculties with such gigantic yet calm power, and pressing upward, on its shining track, into the heavens!

And can it be that this glorious creature shall die? Can it be that, with such noble powers, with such deep resources, it shall by and by be quenched in endless night? O, my unbelieving brother, look at what it is; look at what it has done, and tell me, when it has just entered upon the threshold of the temple of knowledge; when it has just begun to drink at the Fountain of Life, to taste how sweet it is, and to thirst for a deeper draught; when it has just begun to understand itself, and to see and know how beautiful and boundless is the universe of God, and to be filled with a mighty desire to rise higher and nearer to the great central SUN and SOUL — O, tell me, can you believe that it shall be crushed into nothingness, and the wondrous volume of God's creation, so lately opened to it, be closed again forever? Shall all things else live — shall all matter be imperishable, and the Mind alone die?

O, brother, again I say, Consider this, for verily there is nothing greater than this, nothing more deserving thy thought. Stand out here, and look up into the deep blue. These manifold

systems, these suns that burn in the far-off heavens, these planets that breathe their soft and quiet light over the earth, all these are but senseless clods, and obey blindly and without thought the laws imposed upon them. They cannot feel nor enjoy; they cannot love nor reason; they cannot increase in knowledge, nor approach to God, nor drink of his spirit, nor understand the perfection and glory of his character and laws. And shall these live always, and roll on their everlasting courses, and the Soul, the noblest of the Almighty's works, the Soul so colossal in its powers, so far-reaching in its aspirations of hope and faith, so unwearied in its toil, so God-like in all things, and through which only all things else can glorify God — shall this alone perish? Shall God himself put out the beacon-light of the universe? or quench the fire which himself hath kindled on the altar of Nature, and re-clothe creation in darkness and silence?

O, no, this cannot be. It is unreasonable and unnatural. The Mind of man cannot die; it must, will live forevermore. Its thirst for more and more, shall be answered. Its deep prayer and earnest struggle for a higher life shall not be in vain. The great gates of the universe shall not be closed at death, but thrown wide out; and, freed from the bonds of earth and the flesh,

the Soul shall go forth on its glorious mission of knowledge and truth with an undimmed eye, and unflagging wing. And as it sweeps on its way through the measureless depths of space, new wonders shall stand revealed; the strange shall become familiar, the dark shall be plain, and the fearful shall be clothed in the likeness of the beautiful. The veil of mystery shall be removed from the face of the comet, and the flaming fire-ship of the skies, driving in among the fleets of worlds that sail the upper deep, shall be no longer dreaded as the messenger of destruction, but be found laden with the blessings of God. The lost pleiad, and the stars that have faded from our heavens, shall be found again; and suns and systems which no man may number, shall come forth from the bosom of space with their greetings. And still the Soul, filled with reverence, and joy, and love, shall rise upward and onward, circling higher and higher into the heavens, till it shall come at last into the presence of Him who clotheth himself with light as with a garment, and bowing before the Throne of thrones, shall forevermore worship, in the beauty of holiness, the Lord God Omnipotent, of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things!

THE BEREAVED.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

SHE rose, and put the curtain-folds aside,
And the cool breath of morn came to her brow.
Without, the earth was fair and beautiful,
For it was deep mid-summer; and the air
Was fraught with balmy sweets. Awhile she stood
And pressed her hands upon her burning lids,
Then gazed upon the glorious scene, as though
She saw it not, for she had watched all night
Beside the couch of her sick boy.

The morn
Looked on him dead! The fearful strife was o'er;
Death's marble stillness rested on his brow;
And yet how beautiful he was! it seemed
As if he slept, so startlingly like life
He lay, the lips just parted, and the eyes
Just closed. His hair drooped lightly o'er his brow,
And as the mother turned again to gaze
Upon her cherub boy, the morning breeze
Just stirred his silken curls.

"Alas! my child, my heart is stricken now;
How can I gaze upon thy glorious brow,
And feel that this is death?

I thought death was a dark, a mournful thing,
And came with fear and terror on its wing,
    To take the struggling breath!

But *thou*, thou art so lovely and so fair,
With thy bright, glorious brow, and clustering hair;
    Death seeks not such as thou!
Then wake, O, wake, my boy, and let me see
The lustre of thine eye; look up to me;
    Thou surely slumberest now!

Yes, yes, I know thou slumberest; but so deep
Thy sorrowing mother cannot break thy sleep;
    In vain I call for thee!
O, thou wert wont to smile on me, my own!
And greet me ever with a joyous tone —
    Thou dost not answer me!

Didst thou not lie so still, so free from pain,
I feel that I could weep. But tears are vain;
    Thine agony is o'er!
And though I miss thee ever from my side,
Thou who wert once my beautiful, my pride,
    I'll try and weep no more.

Yet I had hoped for thee so much, — had thought
Thee almost more than mortal, and had brought
    My all of love to thee!
My heart was clinging all too close to earth,
And sought not things of higher, holier birth;
    The *earth* seemed heaven to me.

But God has taken thee to himself, my boy!
Why should I weep; have I not cause for joy?
I have a child in heaven.
He thought thee worthy of a seat above;
He called thy spirit from the earth in love —
Gently the tie was riven.

I 've given thee unto God, and thou art gone!
And if sometimes my heart is sad and lone,
I 'll think of thee, my boy!
I 'll think of thee in thy bright, happy home,
Where pain and agony can never come;
My sorrow is *thy* joy.

And now, one look upon that lovely face,
Whose glorious beauty time can ne'er efface
Within my chastened heart;
And if my soul should faint on its lone way,
Then I will come unto my God and pray,
And He will strength impart.

STANZAS.

BY D. K. LEE.

He hath a patriarch's mien, and stoops with years—
  That reverend one who claims me for his child!
And dreams of life and love in Eden spheres,
  And slights the joys that earlier cares beguiled.

The snowy locks fall thin upon his brow,
  That mild, loved voice grows tremulous with eld;
The generous hand is cold and nerveless now,
  Which these young steps from childish errings held.

But though his failing pulses beat more still,
  His love keeps strengthening as his days decline,
And time may blast, nor age, nor death can chill
  The warm affections of that heart divine!

Though I the child's best soul may ne'er have known,
  Nor felt the answerings of that sacred love,
Still I 've been cherished fondly as his own,
  And claimed as one to dwell with him above.

Who hath not honor for a sire so blest?
  What heart of adamant but melts to share
Home's hallowed sacrament with that full breast,
  And drink the breeze which fans that hoary hair?

Against the opening portal of the tomb
  He leans, and gladdening trances thrill his soul;
He hears "the Spirit and the bride say, 'come,'"
  And Faith's high raptures o'er his bosom roll.

The mind's pure joys reflush those blanched cheeks,
  And forms unseen renerve those tottering limbs;
One blessing more for kindred he bespeaks,
  And longs for glory like the seraphim's.

I love my Father! and though distant skies,
  And new-formed friendships make my being bright,
My thoughts revisit home's sweet paradise,
  And his dear image comes before my sight.

I mark no changes on that furrowed face,
  I see no dimness in that glazing eye,
I miss no joys but fancy may replace,
  Feel no bereavements that should prompt a sigh.

But O, the scenes that youthful hours recall,
  The heart-warm welcome breathed from lips revered,
The old accustomed door, and hearth, and hall,
  And tranced embrace of hands and hearts endeared!

Though fancy paint them to the wandering mind,
  Oft break the burning founts of weeping up,
And, whelmed with pleasing grief, I 'm half inclined,
  Once more to call for childhood's rosy cup!

Could life's swift glass but run its sands again,
  Could I live o'er those hours of varied bliss,
And share that Father's, Mother's sight, as when
  I drank their smiles and hoarded every kiss;

I 'd bare my bosom with a martyr's cheer
  To pains, and griefs, and sorrows once endured,
And deem, for unenjoyed existence here,
  A blessed earnest of the skies secured!

These thoughts unman me! tears fall warm and fast,
  As such remembrances like clouds flit by,
And O, I turn and weep the more at last,
  To ween, so soon, my Father, thou must die!

That sacred form, though bowed with weary age,
  Is too, too precious for the darkling grave!
Those pitying lips, which still my griefs assuage;
  That glance, that presence which I e'er shall crave;

How must I sorrow when I find them gone!
  How dark, how desolate must life appear,
To feel each loved endearment thus withdrawn,
  And see the green turf on thy bosom dear!

But wherefore weep, when 't is the Lord shall call
  That struggling spirit from its pains and bands?
Why heave the choking sigh, when tears and thrall,
  And sad farewells, go not to Eden lands?

Grieve not, my soul! abide the Sovereign Will.
  Come, death, release him, — I will not bemoan!
But joy in this — he 'll be my Father still,
  When we shall shout hosannas round the throne!

O, thought sublime! tears, partings are for earth;
  In heaven, nor griefs, nor sad bereavements wound;
'T is there the soul shall wake in holiest birth,
  And blest reunions of the loved be found.

There, parents, children, kindred, friends, shall hold
  Their rapt communings, while that home endears,
And there these minds a nature shall unfold,
  In affluence vaster than the outward spheres.

Nor crowns of gold, nor robes of tinsel wrought,
  Nor jewelled streets, nor glowing gates impearled,
Nor beams, from skies of flaming radiance caught,
  Shall make the glory of that splendid world.

In MIND, unbound of prisoning sin and guile,
  In MIND, beatified from love's pure urn,
In MIND, unfolding in its parent smile,
  And mounting nearest God, shall that high glory burn!

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Good Resolution

GOOD RESOLUTION.

BY MISS [illegible].

Quite away from the dusty turnpike, and [illegible] sweet-smelling clover-fields, in a small, [illegible], moss-grown edifice, dwelt Job Woodell and his daughter May. Job had been a fisherman in his better days, but, sad to tell, had been [illegible] away from his honest occupation by the [illegible] charms of the village inn. There he might be found from early morning till midnight, [illegible] turning his steps homeward to the frugal [illegible] prepared by his patient child, and leaving [illegible] the whole care and toil of providing for [illegible] family necessities.

Happy was it for May, poor girl! that her heart was as brave and hopeful, as it was patient and loving. Whoever passed her door on a bright spring morning, might hear her voice, singing songs as sweet and merry as though she had not a care or sorrow in the world. And [illegible] little quaint old cottage! who would [illegible] it the home of an inveterate tippler, [illegible]

GOOD RESOLUTION.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

QUITE away from the dusty turnpike, and across sweet-smelling clover-fields, in a small, quaint, moss-grown edifice, dwelt Job Woodell and his daughter May. Job had been a fisherman in his better days, but, sad to tell, had been drawn away from his honest occupation by the seductive charms of the village inn. There he might be found from early morning till midnight, scarce turning his steps homeward to the frugal meals prepared by his patient child, and leaving with her the whole care and toil of providing for their family necessities.

Happy was it for May, poor girl! that her heart was as brave and hopeful, as it was patient and loving. Whoever passed her door on a bright spring morning, might hear her voice, singing songs as sweet and merry as though she had not a care or sorrow in the world. And that little quaint old cottage! who would have deemed it the home of an inveterate tippler, with

its neatly swept grass-sward, its bed of fragrant carnations, its honey-suckles, azalias, and moss-roses!

Job loved his daughter May — was proud of her — and, saving his great neglect, always treated her with kindness. In his worst stages of inebriation, he exhibited no phasis of cruelty; he was only excessively and shamelessly silly, and disposed to lavish on May a world of foolish and fondling caresses. May, in turn, was always gentle and patient with her father, never reproaching him for his vile habits, but often tenderly entreating him to stay and assist her about her garden, or to spend the long winter evenings with her, instead of hurrying away to the "Admiral."

One very beautiful spring morning, Job stuck his old hat jauntily on one side his head, and stood crowding the tobacco into his pipe, ever and anon casting a wishful look toward May, who was busily wiping the breakfast plates.

"Can I do any thing for you, father?" said she, looking up with a pleasant and encouraging smile.

"Ah, you 're a good girl, May, a blessed girl! I hate to trouble you — but just now I 'm all out of change — and a curse on these times, I say,

when an honest man can't get trusted for a shilling to save him from want."

"Dear father, I would willingly give you what little money I have, but if I do, we shall be forced to go without dinner or supper, I fear."

"Are we really grown so poor as that? Ah, well! these are melancholy times for us poor fishers. I'll not take your money, May; I can win a shilling from Ned Watkins, any day, at nine-pins, and that will be easier than to rob you."

"O, papa! if you will not go to the Admiral, to-day, but will help me plan out my little garden, and transplant those fine strawberry-vines that yield us so many dollars every year,—O, dear papa, I cannot tell you how happy you will make me, how very gratefully I shall remember the kindness."

"Little need of *my* assistance," answered Job, with a good-natured laugh, and a sly wink, that sent the bright blood gushing all over May's dimpled cheeks. "Younger and steadier hands are at your service, and an old man like me would be in the way."

"O, no! no, papa!" exclaimed May, earnestly, dropping her work, and clasping her arm in his, at the same time lifting up her beaming, tearful eyes most imploringly.

Job was touched. Tears were unwonted visiters to those joyous and radiant eyes; so, at least, thought he, who saw few indeed of the many that were shed for him.

"You are a good girl, May," said he, patting her head, and kissing her white forehead with parental delicacy; "you are a good girl, and I wish I were a more worthy father. But let me go now, dear, and I will be soon back again to help you." With this promise, he tore himself away.

May had been too long accustomed to have her entreaties disregarded, to shed many tears for her present disappointment; so having completed her household arrangements, she tied on her little cottage straw — its blue ribbon somewhat faded, it is true, but thereby better suiting the exquisite delicacy of her complexion — and proceeded to the garden. There was a freshness and exhilaration in the soft, spring air, that soon removed from her heart and face all traces of unhappiness; and if her cheek had previously been a shade too pale, this defect was remedied the instant the sound of a buoyant and hasty footstep fell upon her listening ear.

The person who approached was the son of May's nearest neighbor, widow Lovell. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a complexion of the

clearest white, eyes of the darkest blue, and hair that would rival the gloss and blackness of "a raven's wing." He held a basket on his arm, full of young plants.

"You were wishing for some of those gorgeous pansies, May. See, I have been fortunate enough to procure you some."

"You are my good genie, Harry. I have but to wish, and, lo! the prize is at hand. I thank you, a thousand times."

The young friends busied themselves in planting the roots, for some time, in silence. They were lovers, though not acknowledged ones. The confession had been long trembling on Harry's lips, (silly fellow! did he not know his eyes had already told it over and over again?) but there was something in May's manner which restrained and embarrassed him. This morning, however, he had sought her with the determination to avow his love.

For nothing was Harry Lovell more remarkable than for his readiness and eloquence of speech. It was astonishing what could keep him so silent on this occasion. Root after root was fixed in the ground, and still his tongue faltered in its instructed duty. "This is no place," thought he, "with the sun glaring down upon us, and in open view of half the village." He rose

from the garden path, and lifting his new, palm-leaf hat — May's hand had braided it for him — brushed back from his forehead, which was a very white and handsome one, a mass of black, glossy curls.

"You are weary, May," said he, "and the sun is really oppressive. I have my thoughts on a glass of your nice root-beer. Together with the shade of the porch, it will be very refreshing."

May laughed, and led the way to the house. The beer was brought, drank, and praised; the glasses removed, and May, with her bonnet off, and her soft, brown hair parted smoothly from her brow, had seated herself on the threshold of the door. Harry chose a situation on the door-step. Here, they were quite sheltered from the sun, and quite hidden from the view of the villagers. Harry had no excuse for silence; and so, in a quiet way, but with a burning cheek and eloquent eye, he told the tale of his love.

May heard him with many heart-throbbings, and a few ill-concealed tears. "O, Harry! I feared this," she said. "Sweet as it is to know that you love me, it is bitter indeed to feel that we can never be happy in this affection."

"But what shall hinder us, dear May?"

"My father, Harry. I can never leave him."

"Of course not; but he shall have a home with us."

"You must not think of the thing, dear Harry. You have already a mother to support, and I can never consent to bring upon you such a burden as poor father would be. Were he merely old and decrepid, I might not look upon the case as so hopeless; I might almost *then* consent that he should become a burden to you; but as he is, O Harry, you know his unfortunate weakness; you know how unfit he is to sit at any fireside, or be a partaker of any domestic society except such as nature has made sacredly his own. A *daughter* can pardon, can bear with his infirmity; but, O, Harry, *your* home would be desecrated by such an inmate."

Poor May! How bitterly she wept, as this painful and humiliating reflection was breathed into her lover's ears; but he, like a generous and devoted friend, soothed and encouraged her, and though he found that to combat her resolution was idle, he still declared that she only had, and ever should have, undivided empire over his heart.

Now all this while there was a little by-scene going on, which we must not conceal from our readers, especially since it has reference to the issue of our tale. Job Woodell, when he parted

from his daughter, struck across the clover-fields toward the Admiral; but instead of entering, as was his time-out-of-mind custom, he turned aside, and springing down the rocks, sat for some time gazing thoughtfully upon the great expanse of ocean that lay spread before him. On his left, frowning over the cliffs, rose the roof of the old Admiral, enticing him to his folly; but the sweet, pleading, tearful face of his loved May would steal into his heart, and paralyze the power of the tempter, in a manner that surprised even the poor victim himself.

"I told May I would soon return," said he; "but if I go *there*, Ned Watkins and a whole gang of loafers will beset me, and drive all thoughts of home out of my head. So I will keep out of their sight, and for once fulfil my promise."

Job reached his house just after Harry and May had entered it; and hearing their voices as he came up toward the porch where they were sitting, he stopped in front of a window that opened at the side of the porch, and, gazing through it, could not only distinctly hear the language, but could also see the faces of the young lovers. The mention of his own name kept his feet riveted to the spot. Their conversation has already been detailed, and its effect

upon Job, in his present mood, may well be surmised. At first, the hot blood rushed in torrents to his brain and face, and the deep disgust he felt for his own folly was pictured in every lineament and expression of his countenance. But when he saw May in tears, when he heard her sweet, tremulous voice pronouncing the doom of Harry's fondest hopes, and all for *his* sake, who had so cruelly wronged and disgraced her, he wrung his hands in agony, and, unable to suppress his feelings, hurried cautiously through the back entrance of the house, and shut himself up in his chamber.

A sad day was it for May Woodell after Harry retired. Her garden had lost its interest. Even the favorite pansies only made her weep when she looked on them. She prepared a dinner for her father, however, and strove, by an increased devotion to his wants, to forget her sorrowful thoughts. But the day wore on, and Job did not appear. The dinner was removed untasted. "Poor father!" said May; "I told him I had scarce money to buy us a dinner; I fear he has denied himself out of consideration for me." And she *tried* to believe this the true solution to his delay, though experience had taught her that his neglect of his meals was usually occasioned by a worse than ordinary

debauch. How different would have been her feelings had she known that her erring parent was this moment in his own chamber, overwhelmed with anguish and remorse! How quickly would she have forgotten every thought of self, and hastened to pour into his ear assurances of her forgiveness and love! Ah, it was better for him, May, that thy tender mercies were awhile withheld.

"I *do* think father will return to tea," thought May; and she hastened to prepare a dish for him which she knew he very much liked, and which she had made some personal sacrifices to procure. Then spreading the table very neatly, she sat down at the window to await his approach. Those only who have but *one* object to care for, *one* being to smile on their toils, *one* friend to whom their existence seems a peculiar blessing, can alone understand how every thought and feeling becomes a servitor at *one* shrine.

Job, meanwhile, hearing her light step about the house, rose from the bed where he had thrown himself, bathed his face in the basin of cool water that May's hand kept constantly supplied in his chamber, brushed his hair, and putting on his hat, stole cautiously down into the yard, and betook himself to May's bed of pansies and carnations. Here she at length espied, and

ran out to meet him. Her first glance relieved and gladdened her heart. She held out her hand to greet him. "How long you have been away, papa! and how glad I am to see you home to tea!" she said, looking into his face with a smile that told him how happy and grateful she felt to meet him in a rational mood once more.

As they sat together at that tea-table, chatting, in a social and affectionate way, of the thousand little interests dear to a father and child, even though one, alas, is but such in name, May felt not a solitary trace of her morning's sorrow. If she thought of Harry, it was with love and gratitude, but scarcely with pain and regret, for though the same causes remained to prevent their union, how could she think of any thing unpleasant or melancholy while her dear father sat by, sober, and full of kind words and gentle attentions?

A week passed on, and Job daily assisted May in arranging and planting her garden, never once going near the Admiral, nor lifting a glass of spirit to his lips. May was in raptures. Only one thing disturbed her felicity; Harry was not by to partake of it. "It is foolish in him to stay away so long," thought she; "for though we must not be lovers, we might certainly be

friends." Perhaps the change would not have been so easy, May!

One morning, after breakfast, Job rose from the table, and put on his *old* hat, (May had just braided him a new one,) saying, as he did so, "I am going up to the Admiral this morning. Ned Watkins, and some of my friends there, will begin to wonder at my long absence. Only think, May, it is a whole week since I have been there!"

May's smile changed to a look of undisguisable distress at this unwelcome announcement. "O, father!" she exclaimed, in a tone of touching entreaty, "do not go any more to that wretched place. I have been *so* happy this past week, I cannot spare you away. You will not go, dear father?"

Job smoothed her bright hair, and looking good-humoredly into her troubled face, replied, "If I go, your friend Harry will come to see you again; but so long as I stay, you are not like to enjoy much of his society. I will not be in your way, my child;" and without stopping to listen to her earnest remonstrances, he imprinted a tender kiss upon her check, and hurried away to the Admiral.

He found the usual bar-room club assembled. Immediately upon his entrance they began their

assaults upon him for his long absence. He evaded them, by marching up to the bar, and throwing down a sixpence. "Give us a mug of stout flip, Rawley," said he; and while this was preparing, he picked up the stump of an old pen, dipped it into the batter-thick ink that stood on the desk, and drawing an old letter from his pocket, tore off the back, and scribbled upon it the following remarkable words:

"This certifies that I, Job Woodell, do hereby give my solemn pledge to abstain wholly, henceforth and forever, from the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOB WOODELL."

May 15, 1842.

This he placed in the hands of his old fellow-tippler, Ned Watkins, bidding him read it aloud to his companions, while he seized his mug of "flip," and hurried to the door. Lifting it toward his lips, to make the temptation as strong as possible, he suddenly turned it upside down, spilling its smoking contents upon the ground. Then placing the mug in this reversed position upon the bench, he took his pipe from his mouth, and delivered this brief soliloquy: "Job Woodell, thou art a man, again. The fetters that bound

thee are broken, and thou art free! Job Woodell, thou art a father. Henceforth, the child of thy lost Mary has a father's arm to rely upon for her support, and a father's heart to bless and cherish her. Job Woodell, thou art redeemed. Go home now, and sing thy hallelujahs!"

Having thus made and solemnized this GOOD RESOLUTION, he entered the bar-room in quest of his hat. He found the group huddled together, in vain striving to spell out his rude hieroglyphics. "Here, let me read it for you," said Job. And taking the paper from Ned's hand, he proclaimed, in their astonished ears, the tidings of his redemption.

"——Job Woodell!" exclaimed Ned Watkins, prefacing the name with a loud oath. "What in the d—l, has brought you to this nonsense?"

"*My daughter's love* has brought me to this *sense*," was the calm reply, as he turned with a serious aspect toward the door.

When he entered his own house, he found Harry there, standing with May's hand clasped in his, and both looking very much afflicted. May sprang forward with an exclamation of joy, and twined her arm in his. "O, father! I was sure you would return, you are so very kind of late."

"But why do you welcome me, my love, since my arrival will be a signal for Harry's departure? And pray what have you been saying to each other, to cause you to look so sorrowful?"

"Harry is going to leave us, papa. He has adopted your old profession of whaling, and goes out in the Dolphin, to-morrow. He was just bidding me farewell, as you entered."

"Ah! how is this? I thought you loved May too well to leave her," said Job, laying his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"I do! I do!" answered he, with great emotion, rising to depart; "but what avails it? she refuses to be mine." He was hurrying from the room to hide the tears that forced themselves to his eyes, when Job's hand detained him. "Stop a moment, my son," said he. "As you will pass by Dix's grocery, just be kind enough, will you, to post up this little notice on their door. I wish to make it as public as possible."

Harry's eye glanced hastily over it. "Blessed be God!" cried he, his whole face lighting up with joy. "Is this true? Have you deliberated? Are you serious, Mr. Woodell?"

"Yes, my dear Harry, it is my serious, deliberate, irrevocable pledge — signed, and sealed,

and solemnized. Show it to May — she stands staring at us in dubious wonder."

May needed but one glance. She threw herself into her father's arms, and burst into tears. Father and daughter wept together, but they were delicious tears, expressive of joy that words could not utter. Harry's eyes, too, were overflowing with sympathy, but he retired to the porch, feeling that *their* joy was too sacred to be witnessed except by Heaven.

In a few minutes Job recalled him. Taking his hand, he placed in it one of May's, and held them clasped together between both his own. "My dear children," said he, "one week ago, I was a witness and auditor of the interview you held in the porch. It awakened me to a sense of my great wickedness, and that very moment I vowed to reform. I have served a week's noviciate, and feel no desire to return to my old life. There lies my pledge. It was written in the haunt, and amid all the temptations of my old vice. I read it aloud to my old companions. They sneered at me, but I did not shrink — *I pitied them.* And now, my dear children, since I have done all this for *your* sakes, show me your gratitude by making yourselves as happy as possible."

How could they refuse a request like this? Harry said nothing farther about going to sea, and in the following autumn took May Woodell to his home with the title of Mrs. Lovell. Job lives with them, and has never yet broken, nor repented of his GOOD RESOLUTION.

NIGHT.

BY HENRY C. LEONARD.

THE sun hath set, and Night comes with her silent step. I behold her sable curtains falling, and darkening the scene; I hear the low and hushing voices of her attendants, the charming music of her singers and harpers, and the watch-words of her faithful and invisible sentinels. While sleep hath not the power to lay me on my couch, and give unconsciousness to my wakeful senses, I will be her adorer, and utter in her presence, praise!

Night is worthy of the love of man. Her look and mien are such as true philosophers and sublimest worshippers of God admire. Her robes are black; and, loosely hung about her form, add solemnity and loveliness to her imposing appearance. On her high brow, bespeaking in her hours of gloom, Faith, Love, and Cheerfulness, are gems, the fairest ever seen. She seems a queen, in mourning for one, the noblest of the noble, whom death has taken away; de-

pressed, yet hopeful; dark, yet fair. She doth at once look sad, and smile. Her face is like an angel's that hath never sinned, yet doth weep.

Truly, she is beautiful in her season; and vain, too vain were my immortal soul, should ever it be blind to her excellences, or deaf to her peculiar teachings. She is both Preacher and Exemplar. In sad, dark hours, be her's the lessons I would learn, and her's the wisdom I would live.

THE SUPREMACY OF GOD.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE clouds broke solemnly apart, and, mass
By mass, their heavy darkness bore away
With sullen mutterings, leaving mountain pass
And rocky defile open to the day.
The pinnacles of Zion glittering lay
In the rich splendor of Jehovah's light,
Which, pouring down with a meridian sway,
Bathed mouldering tower and barricaded height
In floods of dazzling rays, bewildering to the sight!

God shone upon the nations. In the west
The owl-like Druid saw the brightening rays,
And muffling his gray robes across his breast,
Strode like a phantom from the coming blaze.
Old Odin, throned amid the polar haze,
Heard the shrill cry of Vala on the blast,
And glancing southward with a wild amaze,
Saw God's bright banner o'er the nations cast,
Then to his dim old halls, retreated far and fast!

But nearer yet, and quivering in the blaze
That wrapt Olympus with a shroud of glory,
Great Jove rose up — the pride of Rome's proud days —
His awful head with centuries grown hoary,

His sceptre reeking, and his mantle gory!
Great Jove, the dread of each inferior god,
Renowned in song, immortalized in story,
No longer shook Olympus with his nod,
But, shivering like a ghost, down, down to Hades trod!

Egyptian Isis, from the mystic rites
Of her voluptuous priesthood, shrank in awe,
Mazed by the splendor throned on Zion's heights,
More dreadful than the flame which Israel saw
Break forth from Sinai when God gave the law!
To *her* more dreadful, for beneath its sway,
She saw, with prophet-gaze, how soon her power
Must, like the brooding night-haze, melt away,
And leave her where the mists of ages lower,
The grim ghost of a dream, mocked in the noontide hour!

And gentler deities — the spirits bright
That haunted mountain glen and woodland shade;
That watched o'er sleeping shepherds through the night,
And blessed at early dawn the bright-eyed maid —
The nymphs and dryads of the fount and glade,
The blest divinities of home and hearth,
These, with an exile footstep, slowly strayed,
And lingered by each haunt of olden mirth
Till their bright forms grew dim, and vanished from the earth.

Now God is God! The Alpine summit rings
With the loud echoes of Jehovah's praise;
And from the valley where the cow-boy sings,
Go up to God alone, his votive lays.

To Him, the mariner at midnight prays;
  To Him uplifts the yearnings of his soul;
And where the day-beam on the snow-peak plays,
  And where the thunders o'er the deserts roll,
His praise goes swelling up, and rings from pole to pole!

His Spirit animates the lowliest flower,
  And nerves the sinews of the loftiest sphere!
In every globule of the falling shower,
  In each transition of the varied year,
Its life, and light, and wondrous power appear.
  It burns, all glorious, in the noonday sun,
And from the moon beams forth serenely clear,
  Or, when the day is o'er and eve begun,
Flings forth the radiant flag no other god hath won.

All hail, Jehovah! Hail, Supremest God!
  Where'er the whirlwind stalks upon the seas,
Where'er the giant thunderbolt hath trod
  Or turned a furrow for the summer breeze,
Where liquid cities round Spitzbergen freeze
  And lift their ice-spires to the electric light,
Or soft Italian skies and flowering trees
  Their balmy odors and bright hues unite—
There art Thou, Lord of Love, unrivalled in thy might!

Praise, praise to Thee from every breathing thing!
  And from the temples of adoring hearts.
Science to Thee her sky-reapt fruits shall bring,
  And Commerce rear thine altars in her marts.
Thou shalt be worshipped of the glorious Arts,
  And sought by Wisdom in her dim retreat;

The student, brooding o'er his mystic charts,
Shall mark the track of thy star-sandalled feet,
Till, through the Zodiac traced, it mounts thy Mercy-seat!

Praise, praise to Thee from peaceful home and hearth;
From hearts of humble hope and meek desire;
Praise from the lowly and the high of earth,
From palace hall and frugal cottage fire.
We cannot lift our spirit-yearnings higher,
Nor speed them upward to a loftier goal;
Then let us each with fervent thought aspire
To cast aside the chain of earth's control,
And stand in God's own light, communers with God's soul!

THE OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

> "Again ye come — again ye throng around me —
> Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!"
>
> GOETHE.

ANXIOUSLY and assiduously have I been searching my inner library for a theme, and suddenly and happily have I found one; not indeed the material for a penny sheet, or literary monthly tale of gentlemen and lady-love sentimentality, romance, and adventure, where turreted castles, mailed knights, fair forms, and glittering pageants float bewitchingly in the admiring vision, — nor a critical essay on some renowned or obscure author whom I have never read, and not one hair of whose head would be made white or black by the mightiest efforts of my reviewing pen, — nor, in short, any thing of the high efforts of that fashionable genius whose presence, whether actual or imaginary, is so universally

courted in this day of sheets everlasting. I have a common theme, and yet one, to me, of the most pleasing interest. I doubt not it may prove thus with the reader, if he has a heart of good sympathies. For while memory retains its holy office, and the past, the present, or the future, can act upon us, what, in all the round of earthly recollection, comes up in brighter array before the retrospective eye, than the times and seasons of our youthful school-days?

That old school-room of my early boyhood; shall I ever forget it while this soul retains its identity, and knowledge and acquirement are terms used in appropriate connection? Verily not. I can see it now, just as it appeared when, after having made my first salutatory bow at its inner door, I took my place in the dingy-looking seat that stood near it. Although the old house has now gone, and a far more stately edifice occupies its place, still I can realize nothing of the glory of this latter building. It is not, in my mind, worthy to be compared to that of the former. It has often seemed to me that I would give worlds, were it in my power, to see and go back to that old temple of science, and live those mysterious and trying, yet joyous days, all o'er again; and I am actually afflicted when I sometimes realize that this is impossible, — that no

responsive acquiescent voice is heard in answer to my soul's sincere petition:

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning!"

The old room of which I speak was somewhat spacious. Its size was suitable for the district in which it stood, one of the most considerable in a chief town of New Hampshire. The benches were of the long, continuous kind, constructed for the accommodation of "many in one." In these sat, day after day, about sixty fledgling sinners of various temperaments, means, and appliances, a portion of them honest and industrious in their appropriate studies, but most of them quite as intent on recreation, mischief, and even outrage. At one end of the room was a platform raised, on which stood the teacher's old, dilapidated arm-chair, a table for the accommodation of himself and a few select scholars, a huge desk, *on* which lay a massive ferule, and *in* which reposed, about one half the time, a dreaded cow-skin, (whose end was destruction by means of burglary and a jack-knife,) a few articles of stationery, and various contraband knickknacks once belonging to some scholars in particular, now inhabiting the old desk in general. Near an unique, black stove, on said plat-

form, was coiled the bell-rope, that meddlesome agent, by means of which so many of our choicest communings without were suddenly broken off for immediate attention to our somewhat duller delights within.

Such, in brief, was the geography of our old school-room, in addition to which it may be remarked, that upon seats and ceiling, notwithstanding certain most absolute regulations to the contrary, were cut, carved, and etched, letters, words, devices, and representations "innumerable, both small and great." Without this tabernacle of knowledge was the play-ground, a stinted enclosure, where many a play was begun but never ended.

In this place did my young ideas receive the impulses of their developement. Homely as it may be imagined, and as it was in reality, it was a world to me. There was as great a variety of character and incident within and around it as I could well appreciate or enjoy. Something new occurred each day, something which made a lasting impression upon my youthful mind, and which led me to consider that place, next to my mother's hearth-stone, the very theatre of life itself, where all worth knowing or enjoying was concentred.

The master; — how shall the lines of this dull

pen bring him fully out before the reader? I despair of doing this, and yet I ought to be sufficient for it, for I verily believe that every look and movement of this chief of ceremonies, and hero of many wars, is as vividly present with me now, as when, in that very room, I encountered his approving smiles or withering frowns. He was a tall, lean, thin-faced, blue-eyed, Roman-nosed, bushy-headed man of about forty, with frame somewhat muscular, and with disposition none too well calculated for his station. He was an energetic man, but exceedingly passionate, so that although he secured unto himself and scholars a lively school, much of this life was noise and bluster. He was originally a backwoodsman, and had been educated in the common country schools. Although much of his rustic simplicity lingered about him, still he had in his character a besprinkling of the philosopher. Aside from scientific acquirements, he had some available, and often edifying knowledge of ancient history and intellect. He could quote short sentences from Solon, Chilo, Aristippus, and Diogenes; knew that Aristotle, although a learned man, was a vain fop; that Democritus was always laughing, and that Alexander had said, that "he who commanded his passions did more than he who commanded armies." This

last observation he usually quoted when scholars were turbulent. I never heard him use it in reference to his own outbursts of passion; a freak of prudence, most likely.

I have alluded to the noisy character of our school. This was in consequence of the lack of proper government of most of the scholars at home, and our teacher's deficiency in knowledge of this divine art. The law of love was not so prevalent in some of our New England schools fifteen or twenty years since, as now. Fear then held sway. Moral suasion exercised itself in the rod. It was thus in our school-room. Too often, alas! for individual or the common good, wrath and flagellation sought to reign. They succeeded in a measure, but this measure was always a scanty one. A victory secured by the rod only, to-day — however it might have been and may now be in other knowledge-temples — in that old place, was likely to be turned back again on the morrow. There were some crooked cases to manage among the more turbulent boys; and not a few half-days were utterly lost to the school in skirmishes and regularly pitched battles between this devoted master and his aspiring hopefuls.

On one occasion, I remember, as I entered the school with a note for tardiness, a scene worthy

the pencil of Hogarth was before me. A great, hard-headed outlaw of seventeen had rebelled. On being approached by the master, rod in hand, he flew upon his seat to encounter him. Then came the tug of war. A moment's bravado on the part of the rebel started up half a dozen fresh recruits, inspired with a love of individual right. Two of the most daring had already approached the enraged lord of this domain, to seize him by his flying coat-skirts, when a sudden turn of the teacher's arm brought the leading mobocrat, with an effective velocity, to the floor. At this, the others sought refuge in flight. One of them made his exit from the window, to the exceeding annoyance of his extremities in alighting without; the other, in despair, took his seat, to be subsequently judged with his rebellious fellows. The leader of this sinning host was dragged to that awful platform, and when I entered the school-room, he lay, imploring mercy, beneath the feet of the conquering sovereign, who was applying the actual proofs of his authority with a most effectual hand. Terrible then was that brow, awful the words that came from the incensed combatant in that old arm-chair. The school was awe-struck. I paced slowly and cautiously with my note to the master. He suspended his inflictions long enough to order it laid upon the

table, to scowl at me, even, and to utter these emphatic words — "Behold the consequences of rebellion!" — and then down came the rod again upon the already battered casement of that bellowing transgressor. After prolonged and satisfactory retribution, the culprit was released, (to make his escape at recess for a fortnight!) and his accomplices in rebellion shared a similar fate to that of their chief.

I can never think of contention and victory on a much grander scale, without having in mind this early and impressive triumph-scene. I never read or hear of the iron heel of war, of the foot of the conqueror, or the cringing submission of the vanquished, without seeking to make the idea more indelible by reference to that indignant, yet exulting schoolmaster, who, on that throne of his highest earthly glory, held beneath his feet this unhappy subject of his insulted power! Bonaparte, I am persuaded, realized no higher satisfaction when he became a second time ruler of the French nation, than did our peerless knight of the cow-skin when his authority was reasserted and acknowledged within that renowned school-room.

As already intimated, however, his triumphs were not permanent. He never gained complete dominion in the school, only as the scholars

feared him. There were a few whom he could never conquer. They suspended hostilities because they grew tired of battle and storm, not because they loved the teacher as, perhaps, he deserved to be loved, or respected his authority. Yet our master was not altogether in the wrong. His method of school government was generally popular then in our town. The boys were villainously bad, and cuffs, thumps, and stripes, constituted the retributive admixture whenever they were corrected by parent, master, or guardian, at home or at school. The wholesome leaven of love had then worked but little. Prison discipline societies, and asylums for the insane, were then just beginning to flourish, and Washingtonianism had not come up from the low places of humanity to do its mild, yet efficient, wondrous, and far-reaching work. The elements of true moral discipline and reform existed, nevertheless, in our schoolmaster, had the times been favorable to their developement. But they were not, and thus strove this ill-starred patriot, "as one that beateth the air."

Our master, when good-natured, was not wanting in the graces of polite life. He was especially, and, I have since learned, agreeably attentive to the ladies. He frequently gave his scholars excellent counsel touching this subject,

seeking to magnify and honor in our estimation the sacred relation of mother and sister. He had more than once recited to us a maxim which, in after life, we ought surely to regard,— "never contend with a woman." Of course, we could not always apprehend or appreciate the maxims advanced, and his extempore comments thereon. Yet this made not so much difference with him, if he could only impress upon us the most salutary fact, that the subject was just as he stated it. Most of us, however, were fated to behold in our master a signal contradiction of the particular maxim aforesaid. Nor were we greatly surprised, nor inclined to accuse our teacher of inconsistency; for we had sense enough to see, even if we had not philosophically considered the fact, that to every given rule there may be exceptions. One day, he was flogging a surly rebel, whose mother lived next door to the school-house. Hearing the well-known roar of her son, and having in her own disposition the veritable radicalism which encouraged his roaring at this time, she immediately entered the school-room in complete mad-cap disorder,—an embodied riot,—and commanded our tutor to desist from punishing her James! I never saw more of the tremendous in any man's countenance, than in his, at that moment. Clenching

the mulish boy more firmly with his left, and flourishing with his right hand that rod of terrific agitation, erecting himself some half dozen inches above his usual height, and uttering that most essential truth lying at the foundation of all pedagogism, that the school-room is the master's castle, he ordered her home, instanter, on peril of a merciless cow-hiding! Abashed by such eloquent earnestness, *nolens volens*, she disappeared.

It must not be inferred from what I have written of the warlike propensities of our honored master, that his whole disposition was that of pugnacity. No; he had mild, generous, and merciful traits in his character. When not excited by the flagrant crimes with which our school abounded, he would discourse to us most excellent morality, and seek to enforce it by appropriate, and sometimes thrilling appeals. If we had unhappy faults, he would frequently, in the most humorous manner, set them in order before our eyes. Not a few scholars were thus shamed out of certain disagreeable personal appendages which they might otherwise never have discarded. He had, too, a deep vein of the religious in his feelings, and when this was rightly touched, his words were almost like inspiration. On one occasion, I remember, he

was peculiarly impressive and happy. One of our scholars, Charles Webb, had suddenly died. He was a healthful, ruddy-cheeked lad, full of sport and glee, and a favorite of all the boys. I can see him now, just as he then appeared, with his roguish lips, slightly upturned nose, and the little scar upon his right cheek — the full blue eye, the light silken hair brushed aslant on his forehead, and that neatly fitting blue jacket with the bright buttons. Many a range through grove and field, and many a race in the school-house play-ground had he and I enjoyed together. We knew not that Charles had been sick; and the news of his death came upon us like a thunder-clap. We had been hard at play around the door, into which we all rushed as the master came in sight. As soon as we were seated, he communicated to us the unwelcome intelligence. There was a breathless silence; our studies were suspended; and the teacher proceeded to address us.

Sermons, eulogies, funeral orations, and appeals to the living who mourned the dead — all these have I since heard in "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned;" but none of them have affected me more deeply than the simple, beautifully appropriate and forcible discourse of that teacher. There was no affecta-

tion, no cant, no wordy statement or exhortation. It was a brief and just tribute to our departed school-fellow; a faithful appeal to us in view of the uncertainty of life, followed by the impressive query, who of our little number might be taken next? And then, as if prompted by a new and freer impulse, he began to speak of the future life — the assurance given us of it in the oracles of God — the prospect of greeting, in that sinless existence, all who had left us in this, and of enjoying their society forever. "There," said he, "my scholars, will you meet your lost companion. Think of him, not as dead, but as one gone home before you. Always cherish his memory; forget all his foibles; imitate all his virtues; and live in humility and praise before God for the assurance that you shall one day join him and every other loved one, where friendships are not suddenly interrupted by death, where sickness, pain, and parting, will come no more." There were no dry eyes among us when his address was ended; and that day was one of the most profitable we ever enjoyed together within those walls. Our master's holier feelings had subdued him, and us. I never before had such elevated views of death as seemed then to come before me; and the impressions of that hour are as fresh and indeli-

ble now as ever. Blessings on the sacred spot where my youthful soul first received them!

I fear I may be prosing; yet I must say something more of my fellow-companions in that nursery of science, the old school-room. I cannot be silent concerning some of its distinguished characters. I well remember the boy who sat next before me — the fat and good-natured Richard Simonds. He was one who never flinched when the master bade him "hold out his hand." Not a tear, nor a disrespectful look came into his eye, though his punishment might be intensely severe. He was the embryo adventurer. Since then he has braved many a danger of land and sea, and is now one of the most enterprising ship commanders of his age on the ocean. His was the "heart of oak." I remember, too, the quizzical Henry Curtis, who was seated near one of the corners of the room, and whose most "delightful employ" seemed to be, to mimic every oddity of every member of the school, the master himself not excepted. He was quite a proficient in portraiture, and one day had just completed a hideous caricature of the teacher on his slate, when who should pounce upon him, rod in hand, but the very original himself! His doom was, to carry the sketch around the room that all might see the occasion of his

offence, and then to be "beaten with many stripes." His imitation and waggery, however, could not be whipped out of him. Although a respectable man, he is the same queer genius at the present time.

One of the best scholars in our school was Alfred Wheaton. He was "all soul." Yet there were those who knew him not sufficiently to appreciate him. He was a practical peace-boy, and never passionately resented an injury. Some time before he left the school, he had been repeatedly annoyed by a larger scholar, who, sitting near him, had contrived to perpetrate certain personal outrages upon him. Alfred made no complaint to the master, and had but few words with his tormentor, until it became evident to him that endurance was no longer tolerable. Then he brought a note from his father to the transgressor, requesting a visit from him, immediately. Afraid to refuse, he obeyed the summons, and met a well-merited reproof and correction in the faithful counsel of the excellent parent. It had the desired effect. The transgressor was melted into contrition. During the interview, Alfred had been silent. When it was ended, he accompanied his school-mate to the door — expressed sorrow that he had been the occasion of wounding his feelings, and

desired that, in future, true friendship might subsist between them. Need I say that it was always sunshine with their intercourse in subsequent life? and need I add that such a character as that of Alfred made its mark in the world? He is now one of the very princes in the benevolent enterprises of our day. Providence has yet a great work for him in turning many to righteousness.

In further evidence of the variety in our school, I must mention the Panilli boys. They were six in number, of Italian descent, with dark skins, sharp noses, and half of them squint-eyed—duncy, dirty, and ugly enough to scourge any school. They all read nearly alike, murdering English in every sentence, and setting all ideas of their own improvement at defiance. They never made any tolerable progress only in one study; that was arithmetic. Their acquisitiveness impelled them to this, for they were gripes by intuition, and would make any kind of exertions for the securing of sixpence. They afterwards grew up into the same kind of objects on a more extensive scale, and are, at this moment, doubtless, devising the means for doubling a dollar. One of them lives in a kind of mock splendor in his showy mansion. I can never look at the house without wondering if its

owner can now read any better than in earlier years, his chapter in the New Testament. Poor grubs! There, too, was James Delany, one of the most jealous and unhappy of our company. He gloried in tribulation — not after the apostolic example — not in his own tribulation — but in that of others. It seemed a perfect delight to him to render his companions uncomfortable. He was a genuine blackguard, and could measure tongues in this capacity with any member of our society, old or young. He ran up a sad weed of humanity. In trouble with himself and another in early manhood, he committed suicide, as his intimate acquaintances declared, "in jealousy and love;" as the papers announced it, in an "aberration of mind." There was, also, Philip Gurson, one of the most incorrigible of our rebellious clan. It was he who cut that old cow-skin, filled the bell with water on a freezing night, placed pins in the master's chair, and most severely abused more than one scholar for reporting him to head-quarters as a transgressor. Good admonition seemed expended on him in vain. He spurned or sneered at all the wholesome and affectionate advice our master gave him. He only returned evil for good. His career after his school-days, was short. He perished at sea in a most disastrous shipwreck.

His mind was like the raging ocean that engulphed him. The prophet most appropriately describes it in Isaiah lvii. 20.

It is remarkable how much the early manhood of most of these scholars now living, resembles their characters as developed in that old school-room. The good then, are, most of them, the good now. The bad then, are, with few exceptions, the bad now. The reckless and rebellious, who respected no law but their own wills, have indeed fallen to their own master, and reap the consequences of their presumption. If they move in respectable life, it is not they who contribute to this respectability. It is the better order which upholds them. They are uncomfortable, and always will be, until radically reformed. They were made up out of joint. Such is the poor truant, who hated his school, and scandalized all that were in it. He has been singularly unfortunate in his lack of qualifications to fill profitable places which have been offered him. I cannot think of poor Tommy Orne, without wondering if he would not like to "school it" a few years now. Dear fellow, it is too late. He has a large, dependent family, and is obliged to toil hard and incessantly to support them; and is, moreover, always cursing his hard fate. I could wish that all his children might

commit to memory, and repeat every day, this verse of Dr. Watts', in his Child's Morning Hymn:

> "Grant me, O Lord, thine early grace,
> Nor let my soul complain
> That the young morning of my days
> Has all been spent in vain."

Of others I might speak, but of what avail would it be? The early dead — for there are not a few of these — peace to them. They remained not to err, to toil, nor to suffer. The living, — they are reaping the rewards of their doings. They either treasured up to themselves "wrath against the day of wrath," or secured that wisdom which is more precious than rubies. Ye who are out on the sunny hill-sides of life's morning, leaping and exulting in its beauty and freedom, take note of this wisdom! Her words are not to be spurned; they are full of the solemn admonition of heaven. "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me."

It was an eventful day with me when I left that "noisy mansion" for the last time. Tired in spirit as I had often been there, and glad as I imagined myself when the word of my departure was given at home, still, when the parting hour grew near, I had other sensations than those of exultation. My teacher called me to his side,

and gave me some of the most wholesome and affectionate instruction I ever received. I forgot all the wrathful in his past administration, in this genuine outpouring of kindness. With a certificate of approbation, he gave me his parting benediction; and I went forth from that strange nursery of young intellect into a stranger theatre for its increased developement and action. Into what a rough world did I find myself thrown; and how "many a time and oft," when worried down with its vexations, have I wished myself back in the old school-seat again. Vain desire! I shall never visit it, save in "fond regrets and pleasing recollections." A more extensive, a boundless school-room is now mine, where, on every hand, the voices of instruction are sounding, where deserved chastisements can never be evaded, and where the Supreme Instructor will, in his own appointed time, see that all his children are taught of him.

The elements of my earthly character were doubtless formed in that school. And although not a little annoyed by the evil, I have been enabled to retain a redeeming share of the good there abounding. Then hallowed be that spot of my boyhood's golden hours; sacred, in my heart, the memory of that somewhat erring, yet truly honest teacher; peace be with the surviving

number of that early host he sought to lead, Moses like, through the wilderness of ignorance and misrule, into the fair land of wisdom and order; and silenced be every literary gainsayer who would affect contempt, or even lightness, in reference to my cogitations on the old School-room.

VENT TO THE HEART.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY L. C. BROWNE.

Ye that have hearts to feel, and who have felt
  Bereaved affection's deep and poignant sting,
Who o'er a dying child have fondly knelt,
  Indulge a parent's weakness, while I sing
Of a loved cherub, taken from my side
  When scarce four summers o'er her brow had passed;
A mother's idol and a father's pride,
  Who grew, each season, lovelier than the last.

When roses bloomed, and darkly waved the corn,
  And recent showers the air had rendered cool,
With brother, elder, on bright, balmy morn,
  She gayly glided, hand in hand, to school.
But ere night's shadows gathered o'er the sky,
  That tender floweret withered and grew pale,
The joyous lustre faded from her eye,
  And in that room was heard a mother's wail.

But still calm intervals at times there came,
  When in clear accents she would fondly call
For father — mother — brother — each by name,
  And then the babe, and smiled in love on all.

And as the Sabbath gently closed around,
  And songs of evening worship filled the ear,
She tuned her little voice in honied sound,
  Such as in dreams of heaven we sometimes hear.

It filled the room, that sweet, angelic lay,
  A tune familiar, but in spirit-tone;
And ere the middle of the coming day,
  She sung that song with angels round the throne!
That tender melody! it lingers still,
  A balmy solace to the mother's heart,
And those dear, dying notes will often trill
  On mem'ry's ear, till memory depart.

Light of my dwelling! dimmed thy sunny ray,
  And hushed thy music, charmer of my home!
With stealthy step, light mirth, and fairy play,
  To cheer my study, thou no more wilt come.
Ah! fatal *scarlatina*, sent to fell
  Earth's tend'rest blossoms with a heated blade,
With burning hands performing but too well,
  For a kind Master, an unlovely trade!

And still, as some loved relic oft is seen,
  What sad remembrances doth it awaken?
The patch-work, mingled with her fav'rite green,
  Those silken ringlets, from her fair brow taken;
The tiny spoon, which bears that cherished name—
  Its silver not more spotless than her soul—
And that dear bust, in all but life the same,
  Call up emotions we cannot control.

The mellow moonlight of a soft blue eye,
  That winning smile, and temper bland and even,
A sparkling mind, with thoughts of sinless dye,
  A heart that needed little change for heaven,
A fragile form, with forehead calm and high,
  Seemed, with sweet magic, stranger hearts to win;
And other eyes than kindred's were not dry,
  Beside the grave, to see that form laid in.

That tender form shall I no more enfold
  In rapt affection? ne'er again caress?
Those speaking features never more behold,
  Nor the warm kiss upon that cheek impress?
Ye that have mourned, O, minister relief!
  Come mingle tears with us and let them flow;
'T is sweet to join in partnership of grief,
  E'en though we thus augment the fund of wo.

O, the deep gushing anguish of the soul!
  How wildly heaves that dark and hidden ocean!
When will these tossing billows cease to roll,
  These bitter waters hush their troubled motion?
The storm will spend, in time, the waves subside,
  The bow of peace will span the sky above,
The still small voice can calm the inward tide,
  Though bearing still the wrecks of hope and love.

There is a delicacy in that love
  A father towards a gentle daughter bears,
Unlike all other; and such grief, above
  The griefs arising from life's grosser cares,

Melts the stern heart of manhood, till it flows
  In copious torrents, like the autumn rain,
As zephyrs soften indurated snows,
  Where hoarser winds have spent their force in vain.

How freely would I delve the rugged soil,
  How gladly welcome fortune's lowliest lot,
If, but at eve, returning from my toil,
  That voice could hail me from my humble cot.
But He who loved such prattlers here below,
  Whose treasure of such jewels is made up,
Called thee to him and thou didst rise and go;
  A Father gave, and we must drink the cup.

When from short absence oft returning home,
  I place my hand upon the latticed gate,
I miss that gladsome shout, "Papa has come!"
  And feel my heart all sere and desolate.
From gently pillowed slumber and soft dreams,
  When opening morning calls the couch to leave,
She, first to wake and hail its joyous beams,
  Now slumbers on at morning, noon, and eve.

In yon sepulchral grove, at day's decline,
  Beneath the oak we laid her in the ground;
There blooms the wild rose, dew-drops sweetly shine,
  And bright the verdure o'er that little mound.
A sweet bird carols in the branch above,
  A gentle warbler with a glossy wing;
Each dewy morn he sings a song of love —
  Such bird she loved, such song she used to sing.

He sings his song, then flits away in air —
  So did she sing her swan-song, heavenly strain,
Then soared away, as light of wing, as fair,
  A bird of Paradise uncaged again !
Sing on, sweet cherub, to thy Saviour sing
  That dying anthem, and its notes prolong,
Till those who loved thee shall have passed the sting,
  And come to join thee in that seraph-song !

THE FOREST CHURCH.

A TALE.*

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

In an ancient and solitary castle, lived, almost secluded from the rest of mankind, a young man by the name of Mornau. He was a scion of a noble stock, but far from wealthy, for, although his father had left behind him immense property, after the destruction of the thirty years' war, nothing remained to him of all his princely possessions but devastated lands, a few burnt-down villages, and the ruins of his patrimonial castle. The crown-prince of the country in which his property lay, after a long absence, had, with the heir-apparent, but recently returned, and, with the best dispositions, was yet wanting in the *means* to render his assistance in all cases where assistance was required. Mornau, who had made his last campaign side by side with the young prince, and had distinguished himself by his

* From the German.

courage, prudence, and fidelity, could, notwithstanding his just claims, obtain no situation. The heir-apparent was deeply attached to him, and would have spared no pains to advance his interests. This friendship, however, was displeasing to the grand-chancellor, and he knew how to excite in the mind of the aged sovereign not only jealousy of Mornau, but even suspicions against the young prince, who had, on several occasions, given tokens of a marked dislike to himself. The prince himself now advised his friend to withdraw from court, granting him, at the same time, from his own income, a yearly stipend; small indeed, for, owing to the melancholy condition of the country, he found it necessary very much to restrict his own expenses. Mornau selected for his abode an old hunting-castle, on the border of the kingdom, the only habitable building which remained of all the many lodges and castles of his father. Here he lived alone, but not unhappily, for he possessed resources enough within himself to enable him to banish the demon of *énnui*, and the gloom of discontent. His whole retinue consisted of one faithful servant, who had before accompanied him in his campaigns, and an aged housekeeper, who also served in the several capacities of cook and maid-of-all-work. He frequently occupied

himself in hunting, though less from any pleasure he had in the chase, than from a constant and insupportable feeling that the walls of his castle were too narrow; and he breathed freely only when under the blue heaven, in the balmy air of the forest, where, amid the secret life and works of nature, he felt as if surrounded by friends.

In this manner, the summer months went brightly by, and the yellow sun-flower by the brook-sides, and the gay asters in the garden, announced the approach of autumn. One evening, lost, as was often his wont, in manifold reflections, he rambled unconsciously over the border, and came to a hill upon which stood a little church, ancient and moss-grown, with its Gothic tower just lifting its dark brown head above the thick growth of pines and underbrush. Mornau had never visited this place before, and had not even heard of the church; curiosity, therefore, tempted him to force his way through the wild and tangled growth of hawthorn, blackberries, and thorn-bushes, and enter it. The setting sun was pouring through the high Gothic windows, richly stained with crimson, blue, and gold, casting its gorgeous rays on the ancient choir, and shedding an almost magic light on the painting of the high altar, which represented a

holy family reposing after the flight into Egypt. The solemn stillness which reigned around, together with the magic illumination of the scene, moved his heart to sadness and devotion, and he was in the act of kneeling down upon the steps of the altar, and folding his hands in prayer, when he was startled by the rustling of a garment. He turned his eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and beheld a young lady of noble figure, clad in mourning apparel, rise from a monument, draw her veil over her face, and, with light footsteps, leave the church. Mornau knew not what to think of this apparition. He approached the grave, and read the following inscription:

"Here lies, awaiting a blessed resurrection, Ernest Von Rothegg, who was slain on his return from the war. May God be gracious to his soul!"

While Mornau was engaged in reading these words, an old hermit entered from the sacristy, and approached him. Sorrow, rather than time, seemed to have bleached his hair and beard to a snowy whiteness, while the deep furrows of his melancholy countenance told, but too plainly, of a troubled and weary life.

"Pardon me!" said he to Mornau; "I must close the church."

"As you will, good father," replied Mornau; "but tell me first to whom was this monument erected?"

"Can you not read for yourself?" said the hermit, somewhat gloomily.

"And do the family of Von Rothegg reside in this neighborhood?"

"Their ancient castle stands about a half mile hence; their race is no more."

As he uttered these words, the recluse pressed his right hand almost convulsively against his breast, as if striving to subdue some powerful emotion.

Mornau was touched as he looked into his pale and sorrowful countenance, but, with a faltering voice, ventured upon the remark,

"I saw, but a moment since, a young lady in prayer at this monument. She is, perhaps, —"

"No, no!" exclaimed the hermit, interrupting him. "Go and pray, also, that Heaven may preserve your heart from sinful curiosity."

Mornau had neither the courage to inquire farther, or to remain longer. He left the church with reluctant footsteps, and as he slowly pursued his homeward way, vainly wearied himself with vague dreams and fruitless surmises.

The next morning, as he sat brooding over the events of the previous day, he was surprised by

an unexpected visit from the heir-apparent, who, accompanied by several hunters and one servant, called at the castle. Mornau expressed his surprise at this visit, and the prince related, that having been for several days engaged in the chase, he had wandered over the border, and found entertainment at the old castle of Rothegg. "The reckoning was indeed dear," he added, with a half laugh, "for it cost my heart to pay it."

Mornau begged for a solution of this riddle, and learned that at Rothegg there lived a Lady Von Sarnen, together with her grandchild, Mary Von Sarnen; that this charming girl was the loveliest of her sex, and that she was the only one among all the women upon the earth whom he, the prince, ever could, or ever would love.

In a moment, Mornau remembered the apparition in the forest church, and his heart beat somewhat unquietly. In the course of the conversation, he learned that the sovereign had proposed a marriage to the young prince, and would, without doubt, very strenuously insist upon its consummation.

"And what does your highness intend to do?" inquired Mornau.

"What I must," replied the prince, "for I am, in fact, without a will. Mary Von Sarnen is too

lovely to be forgotten, and if my hand must be the price of her favor, I shall not find even that too high."

Mornau was terrified at this conversation, for he knew the impetuosity of the prince, and the unyielding disposition of his father. He spoke with warmth and deep interest of the consequences of such a step, but the prince cut him short with the answer,

"My great-grandmother was the daughter of merely a knight, and she was as good as I am. I wish you now to accompany me to Rothegg, for I have invited myself there to dinner."

Mornau acceded to the wishes of the prince, and the old Lady Von Sarnen received her guests not without visible embarrassment.

"Mary appears to be not quite well," said the grandmother, in a deprecating tone; but the prince, as well as his companion, easily understood the ground of the pretext.

At the table, conversation frequently flagged. The prince, among other things, inquired of the lady whether she possessed Rothegg by right of purchase or inheritance. "By purchase," she replied. "Your highness will perhaps remember that the last lord of Rothegg was declared guilty of high treason, and his possessions were all confiscated?"

The prince but dimly remembered the facts, and sought to direct the conversation to the subject of the family of the Lady Von Sarnen. "Your family," said he, "is, I think, not of German origin?"

"No; my native country is Switzerland," she replied, "but my daughter was married to a German nobleman." With these words, a deep sigh escaped her.

"You appear to have experienced much trouble," remarked the prince, in a sympathizing tone.

"I have," replied the lady; "yet, thank God, not through my own guilt, but through the weakness of a man who had not learned to control his wild passions."

The prince was for a moment thoughtful, but a glance at the portrait of Mary, which hung on the wall, destroyed the impression of the warning voice. At parting, he grasped the hand of the noble lady, and pressed it warmly to his heart.

"You shall experience," said he, "that I not only love your granddaughter, but honor her."

Mornau guessed but too well the meaning of this speech, and on their homeward way he sought again to direct the thoughts of the prince into a less dangerous channel, but all his efforts were fruitless. The prince smilingly shook his

head, and when they arrived at the place of separation, he gave his hand to his companion, with the exclamation, "We shall soon meet again!" and dashed into the forest. Mornau pondered long after he had disappeared, whether he could find no means to dissipate this unfortunate predilection of the prince. But he beheld on all sides so many hazards and difficulties, that he could arrive at no conclusion. He reached his lonely forest castle oppressed with the most melancholy forebodings, and passed a sleepless night.

Stormy weather set in, and for several days Mornau could not leave his dwelling. At last the heavens again cleared up, and he directed his first course towards the forest church. He was scarcely conscious of the cause which drew him thither; but there was in his mind a gloomy and painful presentiment. He found the church closed, and, being somewhat weary, sat down on the steps at the entrance. He had sat but a few moments when he heard a rustling in the neighborhood, and perceived, through the leafless bushes, a young man, who was leading his horse by the bridle, and appeared to have lost his way.

"Which is the way to castle Rothegg?" inquired the horseman of a woodcutter who was just emerging from the forest. Mornau instantly

recognised in the figure and voice, a youthful hunter from the court of his sovereign, a nephew of the high chancellor. This journey to Rothegg seemed to him more than suspicious; he felt that it boded no good, and doubted not, for a moment, that the relations and designs of the prince were betrayed, and that the old sovereign would take powerful measures to circumvent them.

His first thought was, to save the guiltless victim of an insane passion, and he decided to go the next day to Rothegg, and to do and advise what prudence should then dictate. It was quite dark when he reached home, and as he entered the castle, his old and faithful servant handed him a note which a stranger had brought during his absence. He hastily broke the seal, and opening it, read the following:

"Will the brave Mornau endeavor to be at the forest church this night, precisely as the clock strikes twelve? He will have an opportunity to perform a knightly deed, and will not be kept long waiting."

The note was without signature, and Mornau read it several times over without being able to discover the slightest clue which could lead to a solution of the mystery. The only probable idea which presented itself to his mind was, that the ladies of castle Rothegg wished for his counsel

and assistance, and, in order to avoid suspicion, had selected this unwonted hour, and secluded spot, to meet him. He hesitated not a moment in deciding to obey the summons, but, girding on his good sword, just as the clock of the forest church announced the hour of midnight, entered its portal. The most perfect silence reigned around; not a sound was to be heard, save his own breathing, and the occasional rustling of the forest trees as they were gently stirred by the night wind. The church was wrapt in the most profound darkness, save where the eternal lamp which hung in the heavens, cast a pale and trembling glimmer on the dark and frowning monument of the knight of Rothegg. Mornau stood for a time without motion, and was just deciding that the note which he had received, had been sent merely to deceive him, when the hermit stood suddenly before him. Laying his hand on Mornau's arm, "For God's sake!" he whispered, in a hoarse and trembling voice, "and for the sake of all that is holy, hesitate not, I beseech you, to perform all that will be required of you. You will save an angel from destruction, and avert a great danger from yourself."

Before Mornau could collect his scattered thoughts sufficiently for a reply, the recluse had

vanished behind the monument, and, at the same moment, the door of the sacristy opened. A boy, bearing a lamp in his hand, entered, and lighted the candles of the altar, and a priest, clothed in the sacred robes of his office, immediately followed.

Mornau was startled at the singular apparition, but his courage wavered not, when four men, masked, and clad in armor, with naked swords in their hands, entered the portal and motioned him to follow them to the altar. For an instant he hesitated, and, grasping the hilt of his sword, was about to draw it, but the next moment, changing his mind, the blade dropped back into its sheath, and he followed the men to the altar. Four other armed men now entered from the sacristy, leading between them the tottering figure of a young girl closely veiled. One of the masks led her to Mornau's side, and with a stern and hoarse voice, "You will suffer yourself," said he, "to be wedded here, and to this lady, or your life will this very hour pay the forfeit."

"And who is it that will compel me?" exclaimed Mornau, fiercely drawing his sword. The lady uttered a low cry, and wrung her hands. The veil fell from her face, and Mornau instantly recognised Mary Von Sarnen, whom

he had once before seen at the monument of Rothegg. The poor girl stood pale, trembling, and almost senseless, and leaned half fainting against Mornau. For several moments a death-like silence prevailed, when a deep sigh echoed from the monument, and Mornau instantly remembered the recluse and his solemn request.

"Yes, I will save thee, thou gentle and pious maiden!" he earnestly exclaimed, and grasping the hand of the beautiful girl, and turning to the priest, "Venerable father," he continued, "do thine office!"

The ceremony now proceeded. One of the masks had two rings in readiness, and after the holy service was completed, a marriage certificate was laid before the united pair for their signatures.

Mornau hesitated not to affix his name to the document, but the young lady looked in his face with a fearful eye, and a rapidly varying color.

"Wherefore not acknowledge what is done?" said Mornau, in a whispered and soothing voice; she snatched the pen with a trembling hand, and her name was written. One of the men took up the paper, concealed it in the breast of his tunic, and with the others instantly departed. The priest went into the sacristy, closing the door behind him, and Mornau and Mary were alone in the

church. She was so feeble that she was obliged to lean against a pedestal for support. Mornau endeavored to tranquilize her, but her lips grew pale, her eyes closed, and she sunk lifeless into his arms. His cry of alarm instantly brought the recluse to his side, who, producing wine, they bathed her temples, and she soon opened her eyes again, and, after a few minutes, was able, with the assistance of Mornau and the old man, to walk to the hermitage, which stood near the church.

"She needs rest," said the recluse, when they were in the hermitage, "and you, my lord of Mornau, need it likewise. Go home, and come again to-morrow."

Mornau insisted that he would not be separated from Mary's side until all danger was over; but the hermit assured him that no farther molestation was to be apprehended. "In case of danger," he added, "I have a place of refuge which would not be easy for a spy to discover." Mornau raised various objections, and it was the thought of the peculiar relations between himself and Mary, which alone induced him finally to leave the hermitage. But his whole heart was already filled with love for the gentle and lovely girl, and it required more power over his inclinations than he possessed, to remove himself to

any considerable distance from so dear and sacred a prize, while the smallest danger threatened her. He, therefore, entered the church which the hermit had forgotten to close, and there passed the remainder of the night.

The morning sun was already streaming through the forest, when Mornau, awakening from a short slumber, left the church. A group of laughing children who were coming up the hill attracted his attention, and addressing them in a friendly tone, he inquired whither they were going.

"To the church," they replied. "Mother has sent us to pray for a good, pious lady."

"And who is your mother?" inquired Mornau.

"Our mother," answered a little flaxen-haired girl of ten years, "our mother is a poor woman, and she lives down there in the valley."

"And why should you pray for the good, pious lady?"

"O, because she nursed our mother when she was sick, and gave us clothes," said a boy whose blue eyes had been for several minutes looking into Mornau's face with a smiling and friendly expression.

"And what is the lady's name?" inquired Mornau, with an interest for which he could scarcely account.

"O, we do not know," replied the boy; "but she lives up there in the old castle."

"I know the name very well," said the little girl; "she is called Lady Mary Von Sarnen."

Mornau gave the children some money, and bidding them pray for him also, hastened to the hermitage. At this moment Mary was dearer to his heart than aught else in the world, and he felt that, without her, human joy for him would bloom no more. His heart beat as he reached the hermitage, but entering it, he found it vacant and desolate.

"The old man has, without doubt, taken her to Rothegg," thought he, and proceeded with hasty footsteps to the castle. To his inquiries, the warden returned but brief replies.

"The family is gone away," said he, "and I can admit no one."

"Gone away!" exclaimed Mornau, in great surprise.

"Yes, they have been gone an hour."

"And where?"

"I do not know."

"Which direction did they take?"

"I do not know."

Mornau relapsed into a very uneasy state of feeling, and various conjectures and surmises whirled rapidly through his mind. The most

probable which occurred to him, was, that fearing some new outrage, they had concealed themselves where they might be secure from farther molestation. Melancholy and depressed, he returned to his lonely castle, and, amid his unavailing efforts to loose the inextricable knot of this strange adventure, the day went by. At last, he came to the decision to go to the old sovereign, and tell him that he acknowledged Mary as his wife, and wished to protect and share his home with her. In accordance with this resolution, early the next morning he made preparation for an immediate journey to the royal residence, when it occurred to him, just in time, that possibly Mary herself might have some objections to make in relation to this arrangement. He was completely at fault, and, sinking back in his arm-chair, was unable, for a long time, to confine his thoughts a single moment to any point. In his confusion and anguish, he one moment imagined that she had fled in order to escape this compulsory marriage; the next, he fancied she might have an affection for the prince, and that he, in fact, was the author of this startling drama, which had probably been contrived for the purpose of deceiving his father and sovereign. These, and similar fancies, stalked like grim phantoms through his soul. His faith

in the integrity of mankind, which had, in many different periods of his life, been shaken, began anew to waver, and, for a brief space, it appeared to him certain that the prince was aware of Mary's abode, and that she was a willing accessory to all that had occurred. Then, on the other hand, her gentle mien rose up before him,—the clear, open expression of her blue eyes, the innocent purity of her manners, and the sweet and full-souled tones of her voice. He remembered the poor woman she had nursed, the children she had clothed, and, at each new retrospect, his confidence in her truth and virtue grew stronger and stronger.

Eight days went by. Every morning Mornau regularly visited the forest church, thence straying to castle Rothegg, each time with a renewed hope of learning something of Mary, and each time only to be disappointed. At length, on the morning of the ninth day, he found the recluse seated upon a stone before the church.

Trembling with joy, he approached the old man, and besought him to reveal where Mary was concealed. The hermit extended his hand to him, "This evening, at ten o'clock," said he, "be here in the church, and you shall learn the solution of the whole riddle."

Mornau was far from being satisfied with this

vague information, and stormed the hermit with a multitude of questions, but a constant reiteration of the words, "This evening, at ten, you will know all," was all that he could wring from him. He saw it was vain to inquire farther, and was, therefore, fain to content himself with this, and strive to bridle his curiosity until the appointed hour.

Never did a day drag on so slowly and painfully as this, and as twilight began to cast its shadows over the forest, Mornau could no longer contain himself within the walls of his castle. He hastened to the forest church, which he found still closed, sat down upon the steps at the entrance, rose up, paced to and fro under the trees, pressed upon the latch of the door, and, finally, in wild haste strode off for an hour through the forest. With the first stroke of the tenth hour, the door of the church opened, and the recluse, taking the impatient young man by the hand, led him to the altar, where Mary awaited him. A lighted candle which was burning in a low candlestick, threw its glimmering rays upon the somewhat pale countenance of the maiden, giving her the appearance, as she stood there, of a saint around whose head a glory is encircled.

"My lord of Mornau," she commenced, in a

low, but perfectly firm voice, "My lord of Mornau, a singular fatality has played its role with us both, and I have, although innocently, interrupted the tranquillity of your days. But the band which is woven by crime can never be sacred. You are free, and cannot even be considered as having ever been bound."

"Indeed, I am bound!" cried Mornau, grasping the hand of Mary; "I am bound with ties that are indissoluble!"

"I honor the feeling which deludes you," said the maiden, withdrawing her hand; "but hear me, for I would fain that your future thoughts of me should be those of respect. I shall enter a cloister. There I shall find security against the persecutions of an insane and foolish passion, and you can choose a wife, without fearing to offend the most delicate feeling, or the nicest dictates of propriety."

"I have chosen!" cried Mornau; "you, Mary, or no one. I behold, in this singular event, the hand of a higher power than man's. Not merely my lips, but my heart, repeated the vows uttered by the priest at our nuptials. I have never, in the presence of man, uttered a word which my heart belied; how, then, could I speak falsely before Him whose eye looks through my inmost soul?"

He paused, too much agitated to proceed, and in the heart of the maiden there was a visible struggle. Folding her hands together, she lifted her eyes to the altar as if to implore the guidance of a higher power. Mornau watched her countenance.

"My Father in heaven," he exclaimed, involuntarily assuming the attitude of supplication, "incline the heart of Mary towards me!"

Mary turned, and a look of the deepest affection was in her eyes. Mornau grasped her hand. "Thine eyes pierce to my inmost soul!" he exclaimed; "I cannot bear them."

She bowed her head, and sunk into his arms. "Amen!" exclaimed the recluse, who, by the altar, had witnessed the whole scene; while tears, which, for many a year, he had not wept, rolled fast over his gray beard.

At this moment the trampling of steeds was heard, and an armed man dashed into the church and towards the lovers. It was the prince.

"Ha! traitor!" he exclaimed, and rushed furiously upon Mornau. The recluse threw himself between them.

"Prince," he exclaimed, in a voice of stern solemnity, "this is the house of God! Desecrate it not by a crime!"

With a fierce, malicious laugh, the enraged

prince hurled the recluse away, and again pressed hotly upon Mornau. But the arms of Mary, instantly thrown around him, again protected him from the impending blow. The prince, fiercely grasping her, was tearing her away, when the hermit once more approached. "Madman!" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Would you murder an innocent man? Do it, then, and upon his corse violate your own sister!"

The prince fell back, and his arm dropped by his side as if paralyzed by an electric stroke; while Mary, uttering a shriek of terror, gazed upon the hermit with a face as pale as death.

"Come with me, prince," said the recluse, "and I will explain the fearful mystery." The old man took the burning candle from the base of the altar, and leading the way to the grave of Rothegg, "Prince," he continued, pointing to the monument, "the man whose name you here read among the dead, stands before you!"

The prince stood as if thunderstruck. "Thou the lord of Rothegg," he exclaimed, "after whose life my father so long and unrelentingly thirsted?"

"Yes," answered the recluse; "after whose life your father thirsted, because he had dishonored my wife. Mary is the daughter of your father and my unfortunate Agnes. When all

my plans of revenge proved abortive, I took service in the army under a foreign name. Death avoided me, because I sought him. After a time, I learned that my wife had ended her days in sorrow and despair, and Heaven gave me the pious thought of watching over the life of her innocent offspring. My property was all sold as the property of a high traitor, and my mother-in-law, the Lady Von Sarnen, purchased Rothegg, whither she retired with her grandchild. I returned to the neighborhood of the castle, and took up my abode in the hermitage by this church. Time and sorrow had bleached my hair, and altered my features, and there was little danger of my being recognised. My wealth was all gone, and your father remembered no longer the unfortunate fruit of his lust and crime. The grandmother of Mary brought up the early orphaned child under her own name; and she alone, until this moment, was acquainted with the secret of my existence. One of my old companions in arms, who had served with me under the brave archduke, Berdhard Von Weimar, was brought to Rothegg dangerously wounded, and there died. My mother-in-law conceived the idea, in order to remove every opportunity for future suspicion, of representing the dead man to be myself. I was indifferent to life, and

acceded to her proposal because she strongly insisted on it. He was, consequently, buried here, and my name inscribed upon the stone.

"Prince, I shall soon stand before God; we are both of us, even now, in His presence. He has placed me, as a delivering angel, in your path. Acknowledge it now, with humility and repentance."

"I do, indeed, thus truly acknowledge it," said the prince; and grasping the hand of the hermit, wrung it in the deepest emotion. Then flying to Mornau and Mary, he encircled them both in his arms. "My sister!" he exclaimed, "my dear sister! my brother!"

The story of their singular nuptials was related to the prince. He listened to the details with intense interest. "Ha!" he exclaimed, glowing with anger, "that is the work of the noble chancellor! He would injure me, and destroy my friend. But I will be revenged!"

Mary took his hand, and raising her mild blue eyes to his face, "Has he not given me a brother and a husband?" she, in a sweet and gentle voice, inquired.

A sudden noise at this moment interrupted the conversation. A courier had arrived in search of the prince. The sovereign prince had been suddenly seized with a paralytic fit, and lay at

the point of death. The young prince was violently agitated at this unexpected intelligence, and Mary melted into tears. He was her father, although she had not the courage to pronounce the word.

"I have yet a sister!" said the prince, after he had somewhat collected himself, and pressing her to his breast,—"Thou shalt soon learn that I am thy brother," he continued; "and thou, old man, shalt receive thy name and thy possessions again."

"Leave them to God!" interrupted the recluse. "The old lord of Rothegg is dead, and Brother Elias will leave his forest church no more. All he needs now, is a little sunshine and a grave. These be my inheritance here, and then, above, where I shall go earlier than you, I will prepare a place for you."

As he uttered these words, a sudden change seemed to pass over him. His features grew set and rigid, his eyes closed, a light shudder passed over his frame, and he stood leaning motionless against the altar. Brother Elias was no more!

"May we die like this patient martyr!" solemnly exclaimed the prince; "and may our last end be like his." And, taking the hand of Mary and Mornau, he led them from the church, lest grief might overpower them.

The remains of the recluse were laid in the grave which bore his name, and Mary and Mornau, whose future residence was at Rothegg, often visited it; and, after fifty years had gone by, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, often celebrated their singular nuptials in the Forest Church.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

JUDGES xi. 34, 35.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

FORTH from the flower-wreathed arches before his
palace door,
Brave Jephthah's bright-eyed daughter the sward came
dancing o'er;
Her fair hand struck the timbrel, her sweet voice raised
the song,
To welcome home her father with his victorious throng.

Her soft hair flowed in clusters of rich and wavy curls,—
She was the loveliest damsel mid her train of beauteous
girls;
But the beauty of her spirit exceeding far outshone
All the brightness, and the glory, o'er her outward
being thrown.

The sun, in all his searchings o'er the spheres that
round him move,
Meets with nothing half so glorious as a maiden's filial
love;
And never felt a daughter affection more sublime,
Than this flower of Jephthah's bosom, in her beauty
and her prime.

[illegible] DAUGHTER

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the demonstrated author [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] daughter the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] death the shadow, but [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] home has [illegible]

[illegible]

Her will has [illegible]
Was [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]
But the [illegible] of her spirit [illegible]
All the [illegible] and the glory, [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Drawn by H. Melville. Engraved by G. Pelton.

THE NEW YORK
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But alas for conquering Jephthah ! no rapture filled his soul,
But horror and deep anguish, too mighty for control;
For an awful vow on record, in the archives of high Heaven,
To death and fearful torture that worshipped child had given !

But the soul of Jephthah's daughter was a fount of strength and faith,
And to save her father's honor she welcomed pain and death;
O ! is there not a lesson, in the path this maiden trod,
Of the faith and deep devotion we owe *our* Father, God ?

And should we not surrender, with as beautiful a trust,
Our lives to that good Parent, the Merciful and Just ?
Should not our whole strange being lie prostrate at his feet,
Till, in good time, He lifteth us to share his mercy-seat ?

THE HAPPY THOUGHT.

BY HENRY BACON.

"A voice, all low and sweet, like thine,
Hath brought an answer to my prayer,
And brings my soul from heaven a sign,
That it shall know and meet thee there."

I SAT by the side of a dying girl, and conversed upon the mysteries she was soon to have the greatest power to solve. We had never met before, but there is no distance to sympathizing souls, and the formalities of conventional life were all forgotten. She was a sister-spirit, and desired to talk of the Father and the soul's home, and all else was cast aside as burdens from the wings of thought. The sanctity of the themes rested upon my soul like moonlight on the air, and I felt the solemnity of the hour. And that is indeed a solemn hour when a young heart is about to bid farewell to all earthly things, and go down the mystic valley to the Unknown. Life in the Present is precious. There are golden ties binding to earth and its pleasant

things, and the heart is wrung with thrilling grief when we are to part with but one scene, or one friend. Deep and bitter regret comes when we are called to take the last look of the spot hallowed by childhood's richest pleasures, — the scenes where we were first taught to feel how beautiful is nature, and the necessity laid upon our being to love, to go out of ourselves and weave thoughts of others into all our pictures of life. Backward the soul will turn its tearful eye, and gaze and gaze, as when, through a thin mist, we view the vanishing sunset, or as the mother looks on the smiles of her babe while they fade away in the calmness of sleep, after all that is tender within her has been awakened by his charms. And then, too, the friends who have made earth to have its consecrated spots, — whose smiles have imparted to life's beautiful things all that is given to the wave by the foam, their sweetest charm, — how the spirit bleeds to part with them! We stand on the ocean shore and wave the white flag of peace, and it is answered in the distance by a token that seems like a white dove-wing penetrating the blue ether. At last, it vanishes; we strain the power of vision, but, no, we cannot catch a glimpse of the receding bark! The friend is gone, and we turn away to weep. Then, though the freshness

and music of Spring be out over the earth, or Summer reigns in all her glorious beauty, there is no loveliness for us. We live in the world of thought, and it is Autumn nearing Winter there!

But, in all these times of parting, there is the hope of meeting again, of having the sunshine of love again flashing in glory around us — eye answering to eye, lip to lip, and heart to heart — the unutterable bliss of fully answered prayer. On this the heart feeds, and soon more than half its faintness departs, because of the nutriment of hope. Again earth's pleasant scenes are visited, its glories are communed with; that this may be, the seasons change as is their wont, — the solemn beauty of Winter shall pass to give place to the youthfulness of Spring; the freshness of Spring shall be lost in the consummation of Summer; and then melancholy Autumn shall wear the gorgeous robes in which exceeding loveliness is prepared for the death. As each season, or tribute of the season, unfolds itself, or melts away, the separated, yet united hearts, will have some precious memories to make the Present eloquent.

But not so with a young creature who is conscious that its next robe must be a shroud. Earth has just put on its smiles of holy meaning, and the affections have just been initiated into

the art of interpreting them. The eye looks on the vast picture of what has been seen and loved, and the idea of its loss gives to all that peculiar and indescribable charm which makes us so long remember the last words and smiles of a dear friend. The spirit yearns to look out on the return of the enchantment amid which it roamed when health gave strength and vivacity, and it mourns as Milton mourned his blindness. Could the curtain but be drawn from the window, the raptured soul would shriek with delight! Even the sight of one freshly-culled rose gives a startling wildness to the eyes. But, farewell! must be said to all these charms; they can be seen *no more!* The streams will glide, the flowers bloom, the woods wave, the forest bow, and the hills and mountains tower in grandeur and sublimity; the stars will shine, and the sweet moonlight fall on the earth and water, but the eye which they have caused to glisten with rapture will behold them no more! And then, too, faces are vanishing, forms are becoming indistinct, and the familiar things of home are being shrouded from the gaze. The eyelids droop in very weariness of effort to raise themselves, and as the curtain of the glassy orbs is at times lifted up, we see sad tokens of change. Fainter grows the whisper of the life, and more indistinct the

utterance; the hand of the dying is stretched out as if feeling after something; the mother leans over her child, and as she lies heavier and heavier on that bosom, O, what a chill goes to the maternal heart! Once more the eye opens and brightens up — the lips tremble with words — "*It is a happy thought!*" and over the pale cheek, like the sudden flashing of sunlight on snow, is the smile of inexpressible sweetness, and all is over. On a sea of bliss may even the soul of the young float away from the shores of time to the spirit-land, when, in filial trust, it has given itself, through Christ, to God.

I sat by the side of a dying girl — an amiable daughter and a true sister. We talked of our heavenly Father, and of the unchangeability of his love; of the veils which hide the Perfect from our vision, and why we should trust to see, in due time, "the silver lining of the cloud." We deemed His grace to be like the stars that shine far above storm and mist, unaffected by the fluctuations of earth, and awakening rapture whenever they are clearly visible. I dwelt on the tenderness shown in the condescending methods used to manifest his grace; that the life of the soul is the only real life; and of the immortality of our spiritual being through the Beloved. Then I passed into the world of spirits,

and dwelt on the reunion of friend with friend, love flowing into love, and finding fullness by imparting and receiving. "Yes," said I, "our merciful Father has answered the deep want of the soul that feels its immortality, and the immortality of its loves. We are not left to ask in doubt, whether the departed have given their affections to other beings, whether the sweet inscriptions written on our own hearts will be erased, or unread. No; we have the promise that we shall be reunited to the dear objects of our love on earth, and that whatever may be the employments of heaven, they have no power to steal away from us the love that is our life."

The dying girl was silent a moment or two, and then she slightly lifted her head, and opened her eyes with a look that could only be the reflection of the holiest thoughts. Then, with a little effort, while a smile wreathed her pale lip, she said, "That is a happy thought!" "Yes;" said I, faintly, for emotion almost choked my powers of speech. That thought was her dying pillow. Her spirit rested upon it calmly and sweetly, and she was fully in heaven long ere the pulse was stilled.

The thought she pronounced a happy one is not only a happy one, but *true*. It does not belong to mere speculation. It has to do with

the whole world of affection, and *that is the only real world.* It has its morality, and imparts an unction to all the humanities of life. It is to all the comforts of religion, when a bereaved soul receives them, what coolness is to the water which satisfies a thirsty one, as it gives to them a zest and power to answer wants which nothing else can supply. To disregard it, is to disregard all the poetry and all the religion of love's last farewell, and to give a coldness to many a fervent utterance of heart, which strikes an icy chillness to the soul. If it were not for the congeniality of that happy thought with our whole affectionate being, what would such passages as these mean: — "Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, we are assured that we shall meet one day, in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart." Thus love writes to struggling love, all over this strange earth; and love, believing the words of hope, looks beyond the boundaries of time, far over the ever-varying sea of earthly circumstance, and anticipates a union where love can exist without a fear of the shadows and veils of death. Where the gentle spirits that have blessed us so much on earth,

> "Will teach us, in a calmer home,
> The wisdom that we learned so ill in this."

I have somewhere read a beautiful incident which illustrates the "acted poetry" of this "happy thought." A man of noble intellect and refined sensibilities wedded an amiable being, and their lives were one. On the inner rim of the bridal ring which was to be worn by him, he had had some words engraved, and desired his companion never to ask to read them till he should give permission. Time went on, and in the charmed circle of home he found all that the heart, well instructed in the wisdom of the higher life, could wish. Affection was answered, the parental sentiment was sweetly gratified and cultivated, the social sympathies were well expanded, and *to live* meant much to him, as he thought of wife, children, and friends. But sickness came as the shades of night — yet it was a starry night. He was conscious that death was feeling for his life-strings, and that soon the heart would stop its pendulum-beat. The wife and mother stood leaning over him in that silent anguish which is such eloquent speech to the interpreting heart. "Now, love," said the dying one, "now is the time for you to know the secret;" and he pointed to the marriage-ring, while he stretched out his thin, spiritual hand. She drew it from his cold finger with all the confidence of affection, while the eyes of the

companion were fixed with a strange searching gaze, softened and made inexpressibly tender by the heavenly emotions of his heart. The ring is off; she reads — O, what does she read that makes the rose bloom and fade so fast upon her cheek? — "*I have loved thee on earth* — I WILL MEET THEE IN HEAVEN." Blessed were ye in that parting hour, for omnipotent was *the happy thought.* It gave a beauty to the hope of eternal life — to the anticipation of immortality, for the loss of which nothing could compensate. It alone can make heaven answer to home, for home is where we see, know, and enjoy our own peculiar loves. It is where we "meet again."

What is that mother's thought of heaven who has just turned away from the grave of her child? It is a happy thought, for, as she first looked up, I saw a faint smile gild a tear that fell. Her infant was very dear to her. She could not believe that any mother ever loved a child so much; that to any, a child was ever so essential to a home. When it fell sick and its little eyes drooped, she could not permit herself to believe it could be a fatal sickness. When the moan trembled on the beautiful lips, and the breast heaved with the effort to breathe, she almost raved because relief did not immediately succeed her labor for its ease. She wiped the dampness

from its brow and did not know that it was cold, the cold dew of death; and O, when the breath came no more to the lip, her groans were the groans of a despairing soul. You could not but weep to hear her cries — "My beautiful Rose! My beautiful Rose!" And when the burial came, again the heart broke forth from all restraint, and clinging to the little coffin, she gazed wildly on the sweetly sleeping cherub, screaming in the terror of her grief, "My precious child! My sweet creature!" But the divine consolations of Christianity reached her soul with healing power, and with a subdued spirit she went to the grave of the darling of her heart. She looked up from the earth, and her countenance was radiant with hope, for the smile of the "happy thought" was there! To take that thought from her, were like encasing a warm naked body in a robe of ice!

To him who has truly loved, the hope of immortality brings the hope of reunion. Love is the interpreter of all mysteries. What our sympathies make the present life to be, life is; and *so with the future.* As to the rational mind, the hope of the Christian's immortality alone answers the aspirations and powers of the intellect; so to the heart, the hope of reunion alone answers the

ardent longings and desires of the affections. The one is revealed to the mind that thinks, questions, and reasons; the other is given to the heart that loves — loves truly, devotedly; loves with an earnestness that belongs only to things of eternity. The Bible is clear to those who have thus loved, and made their love the spirit of interpretation.

This hope of the heart was our Master's. When Jesus bowed in prayer with his disciples for the last time, his thoughts were not only on Eternity, but also on Reunion. He prayed, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." Love finds its purest happiness in the good which others may share; and if the enjoyment of glory is to be given, the prayer of the heart ever is, "Father, let my loves share it!" To feel that the prayer will be answered, is, indeed, to have a happy thought.

And that happy thought is not only for the sick chamber, or to go with us when we visit a grave. It should give such a sanctity to affection as is much needed to be felt, and make us more faithful to the lessons of the heart. And becoming an element of an everyday spiritual

life, it would spring up spontaneously in the time of evil, when shadows are entering our homes, and the tomb is opening to receive. When the hour shall come to bid farewell to earth, we can speak of happy meetings yet to come, and when voice fails us, we can smile to tell,—"I have loved thee on earth—I will meet you in heaven."

Blest spirits that thus have departed! I feel your presence. Ye speak to me from the sphere of spiritual loftiness. I hear your words in this solemn midnight, among the stars, and my heart leaps up to thank you. Ye have blest many a night. Ye have hushed many a sigh. I cannot weep when ye are near. And be ye ever near teaching me to feel that the kindred spirits who walk around me and minister so much to the happiness of life, are to be loved as immortals with an immortal love. They are veiled spirits. One after another departs; but to think, to believe, to *know* that we shall find them again, is, indeed, a happy thought. We shall meet them, not as abstractions, but as the sisters of Bethany met the brother beloved. Jesus did not say, "Lazarus shall rise again!" but he did say, "Thy *Brother* shall rise again!" And he arose, *he*, the brother, all that made him an

affectionate being was reawakened to the consciousness and relations of this life. And so shall it be in the future. Affection shall be answered in the giving back of the parent, companion, or child, and Love and Immortality shall be, as they should be now, synonymous.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE MECCAS OF MEMORY.

BY MISS C. A. FILLEBROWN.

Come, love, with me! dost see the willows yonder,
  And the green coppice where the sunlight plays?
Do you remember how we used to wander
  There, in the long, bright, golden summer days,
Long years ago, when life seemed full of glory,
  And joy's bright mantle drap'ried all the earth,—
When with rude lay, or wild, chivalric story,
  We woke the echoes with our gladsome mirth?

Come to the woods! the birds are gayly singing
  Amid the branches of those ancient trees,
That used to listen to the merry ringing
  Of our light laughter on the summer breeze.
The golden oriole her nest suspended
  Among the elm-boughs, and, at break of day,
The woodland blue-bird's matin song ascended,
  And thence the sky-lark upward wheeled her way.

The tiny brook, that all the day went singing
  Through the green meadow and the mossy dell,—
The yellow cowslips on its borders springing,
  The purple violets, and the foxglove-bell,—

Are they not dear to thee as when together,
  Through the dim wood-paths we were wont to roam,
And spend the days of warm, sunshiny weather,
  Mischievous truants both from school and home?

Come to the hill-side! where we used to clamber,
  Reckless of tattered frock or ruined shoe;
To watch its summit bathed in liquid amber,
  And pluck the berries that profusely grew
In shining clusters there — do you remember
  The songs and dances in the harvest's prime —
The merry nutting frolics in September —
  The friendly gatherings at Christmas time?

They *are* but memories now! yet not less cherished
  Because time's misty veil is o'er them cast;
Not all their beauty from our hearts hath perished,
  Though the first freshness of their bloom hath passed.
Like spirits, still they haunt the gray old mountain,
  Or hide themselves within the lily's bell;
Or blend their whispers with the silvery fountain
  That makes glad music in the lonely dell.

With noiseless tread their footsteps still pursue us
  Through every spot where we were wont to rove;
In every breeze their gentle voices woo us,
  With words of tenderness and fervent love.
Come, then, blest spirits! with your bright revealings,
  And strew sweet memories along our way, —
But, ah, ye bring not back the joyous feelings,
  The glad light-heartedness of childhood's day!

That may not be ! life's freshness has departed,
  And clouds have gathered in the summer skies;
Hopes have been crushed, and dearest wishes thwarted,
  And fairy visions dazzle not our eyes.
But, mid the heart's lone, desolated places,
  Its ruined altars and its fallen fanes,
Unseared, unblighted, Memory's green oasis
  In amaranthine beauty still remains.

A MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

> "Is no contentment in a world like this,
> Save in forgetting the immortal dream?"

"A STORY, write a story!" says my friend, for the third, and, I should judge by that look of discouragement, for the last time, — he little imagining that the first moment that wish was expressed, visions of ruined castles, moss-grown cottages, dark forests, and every other romantic scene of a like interesting character, have been dancing before me. But to *write* a story! O, in this age of improvement, when, from the removing of a mountain to the extracting of dust from our soiled robes, a labor-saving machine is invented, why, still, must we keep in the old tread-mill style of story-writing? Why, I verily believe, if my old grandmother — Peace to her ashes! — seventy years ago, had attempted to write a story, she would have commenced precisely as does her unworthy granddaughter at this late period — that is, in the remotest corner

of the house, with the door secure from all prattling intruders, she would seize the pen, knit her brow, and screw her poor intellect to the highest point. One only improvement am I able to make, patient reader; instead of the antiquated style, "My story is but a feeble effort of my pen," I beg leave to suggest the more truth-telling excuse for a poor production, "It is the best I can do — it is the highest effort of my genius."

But to *my* story. Shall I tell you of the beautiful little world that lies spread before the window of my bird's-nest study — the home pictures with their overshadowing trees bathed in the morning sunlight? Shall I people them with living, breathing forms, capable of the like improvement, subject to the same infirmities as ourselves? And yet why should I? You, reader, have the same bright world around you; within your own household band are heroes and heroines of stranger tales than my fancies can create. Let me tell you of the heart, the inner life of one you could never have known, for to *one* alone were the realities of her being revealed. Say you I am an unfaithful steward? Why should the treasure be longer concealed, when so many are famishing for the bread of life? The bread of life! O, should but one learn from this

sketch of Eva where it may be found, she will not chide me for having made the disclosure.

Behold her, then, in the Spring-time of her existence — and a warm, bright, glorious spring it was — shielded from every chilling blast by maternal love, and basking in the sunshine of innocence and truth. Visions of delight and enduring happiness sprung up with every little wild-flower around her home, and the far-off trees that supported the blue canopy above her were but steps to the rainbow path that she shall tread when the good angels say, "Come up higher." What though the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed from that "high blue floor?" it was but the purifying word that should make more lovely the beautiful earth.

Then came the sultry Summer of life, when she thirsted for the cool waters of knowledge, and reached high her feeble hands to grasp the golden fruit of understanding; but, all unsatisfied, she wandered beyond the bounds of her Eden. She sat beneath the broad spreading branches of the dim old trees, that from her little window she had once looked upon as supporting the heavens, but now high, higher up appeared its glorious blue, and the voices of the angel choir might never greet her. Shattered at her feet lay an old oak, and gloomy voices whispered that the

terrible lightning had scathed it. Prostrate lay the delicate trees of a favorite grove, and the voice said a furious whirlwind has passed by. Then, tearful and terrified, she sought the abodes of men. But alas! alas! the clear eye that God had given her was dimmed with earthly mist, and around every hearthstone a skeleton hovered. Here, was repining old age, there, domestic strife; here, unrequited love, there, the sinning loved one; and weary of voices and scenes that told her heart only of doubt and misery, she would have fain retrodden the hot seared grass of her Summer days, to reach again the freshness and joy of life's early Spring. But a voice arrested her, and a hand beckoned her on, and pointed to a golden and brilliant Autumn. It was the voice of Love, and she placed her hand in his, and for a moment the earth again looked bright. But alas! it was only a meteor flash. She had given the object of her devotion the attributes of a God, and as she looked up for guidance, and leaned for support, too soon she found him, like herself, an erring, human being.

And murmuring thus, the Autumn stole on. The autumn of her days that should have cooled the heated brow of her youth. Cool it? might it not also chill her heart's best affections which

had languished so long? Was there yet time to gather the golden fruits of righteousness and peace? The thought startled her! and a ray of heavenly light, brighter to her than the Autumn's golden sunset, stole into her heart and opened to her its every secret winding. Fear and distrust had led her far from the heaven of her infancy, and the angel-voices, where were they? The springs of knowledge and the fruits of righteousness she had left untasted, while she lingered to analyze every poisonous weed that lay in her pathway. But that ray of light! Why had she never seen before that the kingdom of heaven was so near, even within and around her? Why had she so long unheeded the angel-voices of sympathy, and unloving passed among her fellow-mortals? "They are all made in the image of God!" she exclaimed, exultingly, "and the scathed oak and prostrate sapling shall yet rise to a newer and better life! Age, sickness, and all the misery that so darkens time, I will henceforth look upon as agents of our greatest good, and the 'skeleton of the hearthstone' shall thereby be transformed into an angel of light. Life, I will make a foretaste of Heaven. Father! permit this heavenly light ever to illumine my heart and guide me onward, and may I never trust again to earthly guides for heavenly peace."

Bright is now her autumn sun, and bright are the towering forest and the abodes of men, and brighter still the glow of joyous faces around her own fireside. Do you know the autumn woods assume the same hue when putting off their leafy robes, as when in early spring they put them on? So has her spirit put on the beautiful garments of holiness that clothed its fair spring-time.

One word to thee, dear reader, and I am done: Though "heaven" should "lie *about*" you in your "infancy," may it lie *within* you in the after seasons of life.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PLEA.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

From an incident in the "Last of the Barons," where the old Philosopher throws himself between his beloved model, his "Eureka," and those who would destroy it, exclaiming, "Kill *me!* kill *me!* but not my THOUGHT."

KILL *me!* kill *me!* Here, take an old man's life —
Still the poor current of my fluttering breath —
Torture these limbs so impotent of strife —
But, O, my *Thought*, my THOUGHT, must ne'er know death!
I have toiled years — have spent my youth, and health,
And hope, and vigor; I have lavished wealth,
Travailed and groaned — and has it come to *this?*
For *this* have I foregone the quiet bliss
Of soft affections? bowed my manhood's frame?
Brought want and scorn upon my home and name?

O, world! O, ingrate world! I could have died
For thee! I could have borne the taunts of pride,
The jeers of malice, the cold sneer of minds
That know no *thought*, the rude contempt of hinds,
Yea, even the rack and torture, and the flame!
But spare, O, spare the glory of my name!

Spare the long-worshipped child of many pangs,
And groans, and tears! Alas, the gnawing fangs
Of serpents at my heart were not so dread
As ruin unto THIS! Though I were dead,
Yet this would live and triumph! 'T is my *soul!*
The vast conceptions of a score of years
Thrown into form and action; 't is the scroll
On which are writ, with burning sweat and tears,
The miracles of Prophet-Thought! Of Thought
That shall hold storms at bay, and stride the neck
Of the unconquered earth, and hold at naught
The powers of gravitation; at whose beck
The cloud shall be a highway, and beneath
Whose soaring tread the lawless winds shall cower,
And whisper, each to each, in timid breath,
"*How Human Thought can triumph!*"

O, the hour,
The sweet, remembered hour, when by *her* side
Who sleeps in dust and dreams not, I reposed!
She was my bride, then — ah, that fond word *bride!* —
Lovely and gentle; and her heart disclosed
No perfume sweeter than her love for me,
For me and our dear Sibyl. It was then,
In the calm depths of thoughtful night, a sea
Of burning dreams its waves poured in
Upon my soul; of dreams for human good,
Of vast achievements over earth and air,
In which the Spirit of the flames, long wooed,
Should lift its giant muscles from its lair,
And find no peril in the earth or flood
Too vast to tempt, too terrible to dare!

Whelmed in this sea of fancies and of dreams,
I noted not that Cecil's cheek waxed pale;
That her soft eye grew languid in its beams,
Her step more faltering, and her form more frail.
I noted not that want was in our home —
Why should I, when they never asked for bread?
And, worse than all, beside the very tomb,
'T was like a dream to me that *she* was dead!

I had no thought but ONE. It grew, and swelled,
And raged within me like a flood of flame;
Its sway o'er want, and love, and life it held,
And fed itself — a vampire! — on my frame!
'T was born at last — a frail, misshapen thing,
Yet *mine*, a creature of long-laboring years;
'T was born, and, brooded by my soul's hot wing,
Grew up the glorious Thought it now appears!

O, beautiful Eureka! Child of power,
Of mighty energies, of deathless fame!
How have I dreamed of that triumphant hour
When thou, who from my breathing spirit came,
Shouldst throw a flood of glory o'er my name?
And this is all! Ideas, great, sublime,
And phœnix hope, renewed from myriad pyres,
Earthly possessions, health, and strength, and time,
A thousand wastings of the Spirit's fires —
These, these have all been poured into one urn
That a hind's hand can shatter into dust!

O, man! O, man! how vile a soul can burn
In thee! How God's immortal trust
Can be cast down, and left to moth and rust!

And yet it was for *thee* I thus have toiled,
For *thee* that I have martyred love and life,
For thee that like a muckworm I have moiled,
And spent my being in ungrateful strife.
Then spare, O, spare, I pray, my precious Thought!
Take, if ye will, my life, for that is nought;
But as the richest boon high power can give,
O, let Eureka — let my great THOUGHT live!

EMMA.

BY MISS L. M. BARKER.

To you, my friend, the name I have just written will recall a form and manners, uniting the grace of youth with the dignity of superior years, and a countenance rich in intellectual beauty. And most distinctly will the features of this picture come out before you, for two years is not far to look back through the clear light of an existence like yours. Perhaps another medium has been faithful to preserve to your ear the tones of an earnest voice, discoursing, it may be, but simply and briefly of flowers, yet, in such common subject, revealing the mind's wealth, and the heart's fulness of love. That form, and face, and voice, haunt me like a dream. One of those dear, beautiful dreams, to retain which we strive to shut out the morning's light, and the morning's sounds, from the awakening senses, and which stray back to us, like the broken strains of receding music, through the long hours of the busy day that succeeds, making the sick

heart to grieve for the unreturning past, and to yearn for another night, if so be that dreams may come to that. And another night will come; "a night to a longer day," when not visions, but glorious realities will break in upon the darkness that shuts out the vanities of time; and all of beauty, and all of love, that has vanished from our embrace on earth, will reappear in divine beauty and far exceeding love.

Need I tell you that this night has come to Emma, and, as we confidently trust, the morning also. You will recollect that you saw her not in the light of perfect health, for though the brightness of her eye was undimmed, and the firmness of her step unfaltering, an ominous evil presence was seen, at times, to haunt her, and the shadow had begun to steal over our hearts. How resolutely we refused to regard the dark spirit; for her imploring look to those she loved, when the first apprehension of an early doom stole to her thoughts, awoke in us that feeling of "strong, o'ermastering love," which makes us forget the impotence of human power. We could not yield to foreboding, and through the long months of her decline, we gathered around her such objects only as promote cheerfulness and encourage hope. We filled her room with flowers, changing the drooping for others more freshly gathered,

from garden, and field, and wood. We talked to her of spring-time and sunny subjects, and years and pleasures to come. And sadder and deeper grew our thoughts, purer and dearer our communings, for the eye and the voice would reveal what the lips, as yet, could not utter, — our convictions that the Egyptian image was at our feast. It was veiled, indeed, and we looked not there; but we felt the presence of the still, solemn guest.

When shall we learn to regard Death as in truth the kind Messenger that will lead us away to the land "for whose sweet waters we have pined in thirst," and to give up the best loved of our hearts, at his call, rejoicing that they have gone before, to their, and our eternal home? Never fully, perhaps, till we can better understand the mysteries of our being, and read in clear light the connection between "the life that now is, and that which is to come." You will tell me of the luminous revelations contained in the new and better covenant, and I shall reply in the words of its eminent apostle, "we walk by faith, and not by sight." We may have all the consolation which a firm belief in the gospel affords, even to the blessed hope of a world's redemption "in the fulness of times." We may have received the witness in ourselves, the

special salvation of *this* life, and have learned to count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of our Lord, — yet when one we love looks back to us from the shore of time, and we clasp in vain the vanishing form; in the silent and painful change that succeeds, how earnestly we ask for a more satisfying degree of knowledge. It is not of the future that we inquire. The future has been revealed to us, all bright and beautiful, with the glory of God, and the joy of the ransomed. It is of the dark and lonely present, of the unwilling parting, and the flown spirit that we ask. We are not satisfied with the amount of knowledge which has been granted to us, and we seek another revelation. As in the "Invocation" of one, who yearned exceedingly to read the mysteries of the spirit-world, we call upon the stars, the winds, and all the powers of nature, and receive no other answer than the one granted unto her —

> "Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
> Of that which cannot die."

But, think you, that the sweet poetess herself, fully appreciated the worth of the instruction thus eloquently recorded? Then why should the mind to which her last appeal was made, give back such cheerless reply?

> "Clouds, winds, and stars, their part fulfil;
> Thine, is to trust in Heaven."

It is, indeed, our part, to trust in Heaven. But we are not to do it as the winds and waves obey the laws which govern them. We are not to do it as the heathen expects the idol of his own hands to answer his senseless petition; or even as the scarcely less superstitious Christian of these later days, of the kingdom of the Messiah, waits for the operation of a miracle in his especial favor; and I am persuaded that the mind thus earnestly invoked must be able to afford the attentive listener a longer and more consoling reply. We admire and adore the wisdom, which, in ordaining that we should live in this world by the righteousness which is of faith, has decreed that, in His word, we should see "darkly," in order that faith may be worthy to be made the regenerating principle; yet we know that this faith, and the evidences upon which it rests, are in eternal harmony with all right and true perceptions of the spiritual life within us; and that this spiritual life is but another and perpetual revelation, of which the divine injunction speaks most impressively, and ever, — "Seek, and ye shall find."

We look too entirely upon the outward. Some twenty years ago, those who were most

familiar in one of our country's village-homes, wondered and smiled at the thoughtful gravity of a little being, whose round, rosy face, and clustering ringlets, told as eloquently of childhood, as did the quiet manner and earnest eye, of more contemplative years. But who can tell how much of the character of the mental day that is to come to the young spirit, may not be exhibited in the lights and shadows of its early dawn. And how can we look, even upon the face of childhood, without feeling that the soul which lights it is even then in pupilage to the great Teacher.

And now the child looked forth upon the many-colored earth, and listened to the sound of its innumerable voices; and as the years came and went, a brighter ray from the Source of light fell upon the flowers, and a music-note in the song of the young and happy vibrated to the harp-strings of her heart. Gladness gushed up like a fountain from the depths of her being; and so wild and gleeful was the joy of a few succeeding years, that the observer mused again, and wondered that such reckless gayety could blend with so much thought. But the eye which rested only upon the outward appearance, saw neither the intensity of affections that could not be repressed, nor that a secret cause was even then

at work, to bring another change over "the spirit of her dream." For while the maiden looked deeper and deeper into the cup of the flower-bell, and listened more and more to the under-tones in the music of nature, a purer world of beauty and love dawned upon her thoughts, and in her yearnings for that, so much that had before delighted her grew dull and discordant, that the joy of her life was hushed in sadness and tears. Then, if there were censures, that one so young and so favored would not be happy, they would have erred, for she struggled to break through the darkness that closed around her life, and looked imploringly away from her young companions, to the friendship of those for whom she could mingle with her love the confiding sentiment of respect. The Guardian Spirit that guides us all onward, heard her prayer, and she learned to listen, with a new delight, to the voice of one whose teacher-task became, from that time, a labor of love. To the admonitions of that voice, she gave most earnest heed; and turned, with full purpose of heart, to those bright lessons of knowledge and virtue which called light and order out of darkness, and waked up in her heart love in the place of disaffection, and ambition for despair. The elements of a most perfect character took form

and beauty. She regarded life as a scene for the trial and exercise of virtue, and the call to the ordeal found her ready. Her looks and her actions expressed the sentiments, while her lips murmured the words of the beautiful "Psalm of Life:"

> "Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream;
> For the soul is dead that slumbers,
> And things are not what they seem.
> Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
> Is our destined end or way;
> But to act, that each to-morrow
> Find us farther than to-day."

The dreams that haunt the fancies of the sentimental, colored not the future of her life. She planted there no bowers of roses, and listened not, in anticipation, to the homage of impassioned hearts. She asked not the power that beauty holds over the earthly affections, but to do good; to honor virtue and genius; to reverence the aged; most of all, to lead the youthful into the paths of true knowledge; and, for herself, to carry onward, for the grace of her womanhood, the pure affections of her youth, and to be permitted, through all her life, to go out into the open temple of the universe, and worship truth and beauty; these were the objects of her ambition.

Was it to teach the ardent mind, that no discipline could be perfect unless it contemplated death, as it did the changes of life, simply as a removal from one scene of improvement to another, that a call should have come, at that time, to the spirit-land? For that alone she was unprepared. She had armed herself for the trial of life, but she thought not so soon to struggle with death, so she looked backward with a longing love for the enchantments of earth, and closed her eyes to the bright forms that beckoned her onward. Then the Angel that brings near to our hearts the beautiful of this world, had a conflict with the Angel that tells us of the glories of the world to come, and the Angel of the Future triumphed.

It was a sweet, summer morning, and the maiden lay on her couch in an open apartment, into which the fresh air came freely from among the trees and flowers without. A white rose, whose bud she had watched impatiently from day to day, now unfolded its petals, and hung droopingly within the casement. Dear friends were around her; pleasant odors filled the room, and pleasant sights lay beyond. But the Angel of the Future triumphed. She looked on the dear ones who watched and wept beside her, and smiled her farewell. She looked on the

white rose, and smiled; and long and earnestly upon the fair sky and green earth beyond, and still she smiled. And when a dim form came on the wings of that morning air, onward, nearer and nearer, even within the barrier of loving and praying hearts, and bent low above her couch, she looked on the face of Death, and smiled again, and most sweetly; dear Emma!

It was not for me to witness that peaceful departure. For two months previous to her death, I had been with her only in spirit. Alas! for the change that separated us, for to that alone she remained unreconciled; and alas! for my life, that wants the hallowing influences it might have secured from conversations with one so pure, so near the gates of heaven. I should have been privileged, by the entire confidence she reposed in me, to have watched that spiritual progress, in which her strong love of life was lost in perfect resignation to the Divine will. But that it was so, and that the work went on silently in the depths of her own spirit, persuades me that, unobservant as we may become of the operations of our own minds, or those of others, still, there is not a moment in which the great Father of our spirits is not at work in the hearts of his children. That all the events of life, and all the experiences that grow out of them, are

but so many lessons for the education of our souls; and that to those who, like Emma, live in the present, and open their hearts to these divine influences, all existence becomes a continued progress "from glory to glory."

There was another change wrought in her feelings during the last few months of her lingering upon earth, which I shall ever regard as a most beautiful manifestation of the spiritual life. With the strength of her mental impressions, and the deep truthfulness of her character, it is not strange that ideas, to which an early credence imparted a kind of sacredness, should have resisted the maturer influences of succeeding years. Of such, was that error of the church which causes so many to robe the all-merciful One in attributes of sternness, and "ask a sign from heaven," before they can trust. I grieved much for this. I knew that argument would avail but little, for what eloquent thoughts of the love of God would spring up unbidden in her mind, as she looked on her favorites, the flowers! and had she not read the words of the Master, "If God so clothe the flowers of the field, will he not much rather care for you?"

I received a note, one day, accompanying the return of some books that I had sent to relieve the weary hours of her illness, in which she

complained so touchingly of the gloom that oppressed her, that I was inexpressibly affected, and wrote, the same evening, in reply,—

Dear E——: I have been weeping over your beautiful note till my eyes are very weak; and the prayer of my tears has been, that you might become like a little child, and so enter the kingdom of heaven. Alas! that *yours* should be a benighted spirit. You call me kind, but, O, Emma, what is *my* kindness? And if, aside from the selfishness of love, there may be some slight virtue in it, by whose better kindness was it waked up in my heart for thee? You have certainly thought, when turning the leaves of your beautiful flower-book, whose kindness it was that called those cherished blossoms from the earth, to minister delight to you in your illness. Do you not know now, at this moment, that a gentle shower is falling upon the green earth, its drops glistening bright with mercy, its refreshing coolness, and the sweet music it makes telling of love, free and unpurchased? I know that your sickness is very wearisome, and I pray every hour to have you better; yet not half so fervently as I do to have you feel that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" for what is the health of the body compared with spiritual

health? You have made the comparison in your own thoughts. You say not, in your letter, when will my sickness be removed? but, "O, that the night was gone from my spirit!"

I have been dreaming for the last few moments, dearest. I fancied thee in Judea, during our Lord's ministry on earth, and meeting him in the groves of Olivet, or by the brook Cedron, with that prayer on thy lips. And he said unto thee, "God so loved the world, that he sent me not to condemn, but to save it. Thou seest in the miracles I work the evidences of this love, and my commission to bestow its healing blessings. Fear not, only believe." And the doubts cleared away from thy brow. I saw thee kneel. And while his eye rested benignantly upon thee, thy own thoughts answered thy petition. For hadst thou not heard him say, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?" The voice of thy own convictions mingled with thy Saviour's. "Thy faith hath saved thee."

Why cannot my dream become a reality? You are ever in the presence of your Redeemer, and there is but one condition to the salvation he offers you. You cannot murmur at this, for the blessing could not otherwise be received. Said he not ever to those who sought his favor, "*According to thy faith be it unto thee.*"

As I was sitting by her, the next day, she alluded gratefully, and with much apparent pleasure, to the note she had received from me the evening before; but when I remarked, in reply, that she had often heard me express such sentiments, and begged to know if she were not ready to trust him who has promised to save to the uttermost, she raised her tearful eyes to my face with a look that made me feel what a blessed thing it is to believe not for ourselves alone, but for all those for whom Christ died. I knew that the Holy Spirit had a work to do in her heart, and that this work would most certainly be accomplished.

Of the evidences that the blessed hope that cheered my love, at that moment, was fulfilled on earth, I will only mention, that on the morning of her departure she remembered another message of love to me, and added to it the emphatic words, "*Tell her that I trust.*" Dear and beautiful message! There are treasured words that may fade from my memory, but never these. I thank thee, dear departed one, for this bright evidence of thy Christian faith, and dying love for me. I also trust that the same grace which bore thee so triumphantly away from human suffering is with us all; and that, through its abundant power,

"Sure, we shall meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning."

I trust that there are no casualties in the providence of God; that thy sojourn on earth, and thy removal, were alike necessary to the discipline of thy soul; and that, in some one of the "many mansions of our Father's house," thou art still pursuing thy onward course of life and glory.

"Light lie the turf of thy tomb,
May its verdure like emerald be;
There should not come the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Bright flowers, and an evergreen tree,
Shall spring from the place of thy rest,
But nor cypress, nor yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest?"

DEATH-BELLS.

BY T. B. READ.

I LAID me down to rest, last night,
  But sleep gave place to fear,
For little bells called "death-bells,"
  Were ringing in my ear.

Those little mournful messengers,
  What could they come to tell?
Was 't for some dead or dying friend,
  They woke their tiny knell?

Perchance it was some kindred soul
  That rung the solemn bell;
Some friendly spirit from afar,
  To bid a last farewell.

Perhaps it was — O, God forbid
  That it should prove my Mother!
I dare not think on a sister dead,
  Nor yet a dying brother.

My Father, ah, he 's in his grave,
  His knell I cannot hear;
But O, the name of "Father"
  Still summons up the tear.

Yet still there 's one — I will not think
  Her soul has sought the sky,
For O, she was too young, too gay,
  Too lovely, yet to die !

Those little mournful messengers,
  What could they come to tell ?
Was 't for some dead or dying friend,
  They woke their tiny knell ?

If so, o'er many a mountain height,
  O'er many a lowly dale,
They travelled full a thousand miles,
  To tell the mournful tale.

Unheeded sure they did not come;
  Unheeded shall not part
Th' impressions and the lessons which
  They left upon my heart.

SABBATH-DAY POINT.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

SPIRIT of Beauty! o'er this magic scene
  How richly glow thy day-beams every where;
Blue sky, and water-sheet, and hill-side green,
  And sparkling shore thy smiling glances share;
Each echoing voice of morn, each breath of even,
Speak with an inspiration thou hast given.

Not as in days long past,* when war's wild brood
  Here came in deadly conflict, foe to foe,
Breaking the calm of this glad solitude
  With murderous trump, and yell, and clashing blow,
Rise up before the eye these sunny shores
Where poet-rapture gazes, dreams, adores:—

Peace hath dominion here, unrivalled, free,
  And every moving leaf and dancing wave
Speaks gladly of this home of liberty,
  This hallowed grave-spot of the fallen brave.
Peace! Be its blessings here forever shed
On anxious living ones, and sleeping dead.

* Sabbath-day Point is a projection of the main land from the west into Lake George. It is a place where English troops landed on a Sabbath day, during the French war; and is the spot where a sanguinary battle was fought with the Indians.

Here, when the free soul seeks its prayer to raise
  Mid these grand solitudes, be praises spoken
For that bright promise of advancing days
  When nature's worship shall no more be broken
With dread contention, — but when once again,
Beauty and Peace o'er all our earth shall reign.

WARRINGTON BAY;

OR, THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF LOVE.

BY C. H. FAY.

THERE are some hero-names still sounding from the loud trump of ancient renown, which are familiar to our age, the causes of whose celebrity are unknown to but few. Sounded under favorable circumstances, they have long survived in echo, like voices among reverberating hills. It is somewhat thus with Warrington Bay. Who has not heard of Warrington Bay? And yet there are but very few who are acquainted with the original source of its far-spread fame. Few, very few know the historical associations which, blended with natural beauties of scenery, have conspired to render it renowned. These associations should be wrested from oblivion. As no abler pen has ever undertaken the task, the work is assumed by mine. It enters upon the labor distrustful of its own abilities, but with the consciousness that it has a duty to perform.

I will not detain the reader with a lengthy description of Warrington Bay. I take it for granted, that he is too familiar with its scenery to require such a description. It need only be said, that it is situated on the coast of F....., and is one of the most secluded and romantic spots in the world. The name is given not only to the water which sleeps beyond the tumult of the open sea, but to the high ridge of hills which nearly encloses it, and to the little plain which spreads, on all sides but one, from the waters to the foot of the hills. As you gazed upon it from the ocean, you would think that nature had gratified her love of the romantic in designing and constructing it. It would seem that, in the first place, she scooped up a circular ridge of hills just on the shore of ocean, covering them nearly to their tops with forest trees, leaving their summits rocky and bare. Then, on the side towards the sea, with a single effort, she made a breach in the wall and let in the waters, leaving each end of the mountain ridge, rough, rocky, beetling, and projecting out into the sea. Nothing can be more beautiful than Warrington Bay when the elements are all at peace around it, when the narrow plain which encircles it sleeps in the shadow of the hills, and they lift up their heads in pride, as if they beheld the reflection of their

grandeur in the clear mirror below. Nothing can be more wildly romantic than this place when the storm-cloud settles over it, when the lightning's glare streams among the countless rain-drops, and the pent thunder crashes around the hills. Then may be seen, from the projecting cliffs, the waves coming howling from afar in the deep, surging up against the rocks, falling back foaming and roaring, and then, wheeled round the cliff by an advancing surge, sliding gently into the more peaceful embrace of the hills. Such is Warrington Bay, in sunshine and in storm. Such will it ever be.

But its association! Have patience, kind reader, for I am a novice in the business of narrative, and therefore stand particularly in need of your forbearance. Often, perhaps, in the course of my story, I shall transgress the rules of the critics, and sometimes, no doubt, cross your wishes and expectations. But are not such transgressions pardonable in one's novitiate? In this circumstance, then, I shall rest my apology in part. *In part*, for there is another loophole through which I can retreat from censure. This is to be found in the nature of the source from whence these materials are drawn, and which will be revealed anon.

I have described Warrington Bay as it was

when first smiled upon by satisfied nature. It was seen, at length, by man, and a home was chosen amid its seclusion. It is this home which gives such an interest to the scenery in which it is embosomed. The history of that home is now, for the first time, to be unfolded.

Late in the summer of 1754, near the close of a warm, sultry day, an inhabitant of a town not many miles distant was descending the hill opposite the bay. He was a man somewhat past the meridian of life, and wore an expression of benevolence and kindness. Acquainted with the beautiful scenery of the place, he had come to enjoy its seclusion for a few days, and breathe its invigorating air. Besides this, he had another object in view, of greater interest. It was to learn, if possible, the singular history of a bowed and lonely man, who lived there in retirement; and whose very reserve, united with an expression of subdued sadness, had created an indescribable interest in his mind. A storm-cloud suddenly closed over the hills, and from its dark breast the rain, lightning, and thunder, streamed, flashed, and rolled most fearfully. The hills were vocal with loud thunder-echoes, and the bosom of the bay heaved and tossed beneath the furious blasts of the storm which, rolling down the side of the hills, plunged madly upon its

yielding surface. Our traveller hastily threw himself beneath a thick umbrella-topped hemlock. He stood there but for a moment, for a bolt from the cloud shivered his shelter to fragments, and left him standing by a lonely trunk, which owed its escape only to a freak of the lightning. He sought for another shelter, but, by this time, such was the fury of the storm, the leaves and branches were thoroughly drenched, and the forest began to rain. He resolved at once to brave the tempest, and make towards the cot of the "lone man," at the foot of the hills. As he neared it, a voice met his ear as of one talking. He stepped softly beneath its roof, and listened.

"Yes, thank God!" said the voice. "Death's curtain is now unrolling upon life's stage! The scenes of my earthly being are ending. Such scenes as they have been! Cruel, noble — desperate, compassionate — bloody, beautiful, — strangely commingled, they sweep before me! O God, am I forgiven? There is an inward peace which tells me that I am. Well, I die without regret. The ties which have bound me to life are all sundered now. Ah, they were broken long ago. With that angel-sister, the light of whose gentleness and love first warmed my darkened heart, and broke its spell of sin, with her I died, and yet survived her. My

broken spirit leaned on a rugged frame, as yon storm-uprooted pine rests on that sturdy oak. But the blast of death has now swept o'er me, and I am falling. The shadows of the grave grow less obscure, and through them I can half distinguish seraph countenances which resemble memory's picture of mother and that angel-sister. They beckon me to come, all sinful as I have been. I long to go. Yet, I had hoped before I left the world, to take some friendly hand in mine, relate the story of my wanderings, and explain the secret of my abstraction, which men think strange. Well, I have learned to submit to God. If no mortal ear is to hear my story; if I am to die alone; if the howl of the storm is to be my only requiem; if my bones are to perish here, it is all right. Thy will, O God, be done!"

We will not attempt to describe the interest with which our traveller listened to these words. As soon as they were concluded, he stood by the bedside of the dying man, grasping affectionately his bony hand. Their eyes met, and the "lone man" saw so much of tenderness and sympathy in the expression of his visiter, that tears of joy came glistening from his eyes. Dew-drops, as they roll from rose leaves, bear away whatever of dust may have accumulated upon them, and leave them fresher and livelier by their moisture.

Similar was the effect of the "lone man's" tears upon his dimming eyes. They seemed to be relit with the life of light and joy. In the rapture of the moment, he could only say, "Blessed be God!" He recovered, at length, and said, "My friend,—I call thee such, for none but a friend could sympathize thus with one who has shunned mankind like me,—my friend, you are here to see me die. God has sent you to relieve the last hours of a prodigal child, to hear, what no mortal ear ever heard, a history of his life, and to answer his last request. My breast heaves with secrets which yearn to be uttered. It may do you no good to hear them, but their relation will relieve me, and do justice to those whose holy influence softened my sinful heart, and made me what I am. It has been with effort that I have concealed my history. I know I ought to reveal it. Nothing, perhaps, has restrained me but a fear of punishment at the hands of men, which, Heaven knows, I needed not. I have no fears of this now, for the judgment of men has no authority beyond the boundary of life. Will you tarry here," he anxiously inquired, "and watch by me through this tempestuous night? Ere morning, my spirit will have left this pain-racked frame."

He was answered kindly, in the affirmative, by

the benevolent stranger. The incidents which he related at intervals, as he was able to speak, constitute the substance of the following narrative:

His father, Mortimer Warrington, formerly resided in England. He was a stout, robust man, one of those whom nature designs for hardy enterprise. His disposition was impetuous. His passions wild and ungovernable. Had he been rightly influenced in youth, his wild spirit might have been tamed, and he grown up to a subdued but vigorous manhood. Far other influences, however, were to mould his character. His early associates were rude and vicious. His parents were gloomy religionists, whose presence and instructions were calculated for any thing else better than to restrain his rugged nature. By them, he was early led to look upon mankind as depraved beings, and upon God as a Sovereign whose most potent and active attribute was vengeance. Thus was he led to hate mankind, and, if not to despise, at least to *tremble* before God, as before a tyrant. The influence of such associations and instructions was unpropitious, and was felt to the last day of his life. In fact, they served to embitter nearly his whole existence, and render his disposition as unhappy as his passions were ungovernable.

At the age of twenty-two, he united himself in marriage with Mary Heathcote, a young lady of accomplished mind and manners. Her disposition was the complete opposite of his. Mild, lovely, confiding, her affections twined around his rugged nature as the woodbine around the gnarled oak. Through all the storms of life, she clung to him as the woodbine to its rough supporter. Her own goodness and sweetness had often to struggle, through life, with his mad impulses, as the sun has ever to struggle with tempests; and, as the sun always triumphs over the storm at last, and gilds with light its departing rifts, so her loveliness ever triumphed over his boisterous nature, and brought it, for a moment, into peaceful subjection.

Two years after their union, Mary gave birth to a son. That son was he whom we have introduced as the "lone man." That son inherited the disposition of his father, was his perfect counterpart, but was destined to be subject to different influences, and to pursue a different career.

Time wore away, but not happily, with Warrington. At length, unfortunate in business, his mind sunk into a state of complete misanthropy, and, in one of those rash moments so common to him, he resolved that he would retreat from the

world, and bury himself in seclusion. With him, a resolve made was as good as executed. Before his departure was anticipated by his acquaintances, he, with his little family, were on board a vessel bound for ——.

He had taken with him what little worldly effects he had remaining. His confiding wife had sacrificed all the endearing ties which bound her to home and her native land upon the altar of connubial love. She was by his side, to light his pathway through life with the cloudless sunshine of her affections, and to nourish and train the little object of her care, then ten years old. The voyage need not be described. When off the coast of F....., the beauty and seclusive appearance of the scenery amid which my narrative opens, attracted the notice of Warrington. Sometimes, he would have chosen a retreat in some wild and solemn ravine, ringing with the cataract's thunder, and the scream of the eagle. He was now in one of his sunshine moods, and resolved, at once, to make this his future abode. At his request, he was left there with his little family, and with such provisions as were necessary to supply their immediate wants. The vessel, on its return-trip, was to touch there, and leave certain articles which he had ordered. (It never returned, however, and the mystery

of its fate is known only to Him who made the sea.)

The indomitable energies of the father were exerted in rearing a home to shelter his family from the storm, and preparing the earth for a harvest. For a time, while these objects occupied his thoughts, he was measurably contented, though still far from being happy. His untamed nature had not changed, and his trusting wife soon discovered that the exercise of all her virtues was still needed. Yet, "with all his faults, she loved him still." It was her delight to use little endeavors to subdue and soften his nature. Much as she loved him, she was not blind to the influence which his rashness was exerting upon their child. She had especial reason for fearing this influence, for already the child had begun to manifest an intractableness and depravity which made her tremble in view of the developements of the future. The child shunned the presence of the mother, and lingered around the steps of his father, although, at the same time, repelled by his moroseness and severity. He hung around him, gradually imbibing his faults, as the inebriate around that cup which, as he sips, changes him into the fiend. At twelve years of age, he was utterly beyond the control of the mother. Even the father began to fear his

depravity, and shudder at this embodiment of his own vices. The child seemed to be callous to the influences of kindness and affection. He almost hated the sunshine; would mock the music of the birds, and seemed to delight in torturing every thing which came within his reach.

About this time, a little sister was added to the family. In presenting this treasure, the mother parted with her health. It inherited her sweetness and purity, and unfolded into bloom at the expense of the fading mother, as buds, drawing the life away from a full-blown flower, will burst into beauty while that flower withers and falls.

Two years rolled away. The mother still lingered to shed a sweet influence around the altar of home. The father had yielded gradually to the subduing power of her loveliness. Her influence, as she sank down towards the horizon of death seemed to grow stronger, like sunsets in summer awaking admiration in the bosoms of those who thought not of the more brilliant glory of noonday. Little Alice, the daughter, grew more and more like her mother. She was her living miniature, inheriting not only her looks, but her virtues. She had ever a smile for her father who loved her, apparently, against his nature. She was, indeed, a lovely child.

But the boy, Edgar! he had not changed for the better; no, but rather for the worse. Often would he stand upon the beetling cliff when the roaring sea was lashed by the winds, and drink in its fury and madness. The deep solitudes of the forests, the rugged grandeur of the high-piled rocks were more congenial to him than home. And yet there was something about his home which threw a charm around his heart, feeble though its power might be. Late one afternoon in autumn, he returned from the field where he had been at work with his father. Some difficulty had occurred between them, and, in the excitement of his wild passion, he had felled his father to the earth. He rudely opened the door and entered. His mother, beholding the excited condition of her child, said to him tenderly, "My son, what has displeased you?"

"Mother, leave me alone," returned the passionate youth, and rushed by her to seize his meagre wardrobe.

"O, my Edgar! How can you treat me so? Have *I* injured you?" she affectionately inquired. He made no reply. As he passed her to leave the house, she anxiously asked, as if anticipating his purpose, "Edgar, pray tell me where you are going? will you leave your poor,

feeble mother, and dear little Alice, too? See how sad she looks to see you so displeased!"

"Mother," said he, biting his lips for very madness, "I hate you, and Alice, too!" No sooner than this was spoken, he hurled his little sister from the chair in which she was quietly sitting, upon the floor, and strode towards the door. Raising the latch, he turned and said, "You will see me no more."

The last sight which he then saw in that home, was his weak, emaciated mother, with her hands and tearful eyes turned toward heaven, and her pale, thin lips trembling in prayer, and by her side, little Alice, weeping. The last words which he ever heard from that mother were these: "I love you, though you may hate me, for you are my child; may God forgive you as I do!" Apparently, these words had but little influence upon the enraged youth, for he shut the door in wrath, and hastened away. We must leave him to his waywardness, and follow the fortunes of those whom he has left behind.

Overpowered by the strength of her emotions, the mother sank exhausted upon the floor. Little Alice ran to her side and vainly endeavored with her tiny arms to raise her upon her feet again. The mother kissed her darling, and as she thoughtfully parted the ringlets from her brow,

the sympathetic earnestness of the child's countenance seemed to say, "Do not weep, dear mother, little Alice will not leave you."

"Dear child," said the tender parent, "may you never know such grief as mine. But, O, I cannot rid myself of a premonition that it will be your lot, like mine, to struggle with sorrow. May you meet it with that resignation which I have prayed heaven might be mine. And O, if in some future day thou shalt meet thy wayward brother—" she was going to add more, but there was such a thrilling interest in her premonition now, that her words were drowned in the waves of emotion, and she buried her face in her hands and wept.

Whilst in this posture, the door slowly opened, and the husband entered. Moved by the spectacle before him, he exclaimed, "What! was it not enough that that fiend of a son should fell a father to the earth! must he vent his wrath on a feeble mother, too! May the lightnings scathe, and the thunders strike him!"

At the sound of these words, the mother started, looked round wildly for a moment, then, as if recollecting herself again, she fixed her eyes upon Warrington with a tender but earnest gaze, and inquired if he was injured.

"Injured!" said the enraged husband; "I

have been nearly killed by that infernal ingrate of a son! May he never meet my eyes again — may —" he was going to utter another maledic-tion, when he was suddenly interrupted by his wife, who had arisen, and now stood by his side.

"Restrain those words of passion, my dear," said the fond Mary; "forget not that he is thy child, thy first-born. He needs our forgiveness as we our heavenly Father's." These words were spoken with so much of affection and soothing tenderness that they reached, at once, the heart of the father. Their conflict with his anger was but for a moment. The clouds of wrath were scattered from his brow, and a glistening tear heralded the victory of her love.

Taking him by the hand, she again inquired anxiously if he had been injured. With a sub-dued voice he proceeded to narrate the occasion of the difficulty which occurred in the field, and which resulted in his being felled to the earth by his son. The blow was upon the head, and was found to be of a more serious nature than even he had anticipated when in the heat of passion. The frail wife, forgetting her own weakness, exerted herself to bind up the wound and relieve its pain. On the following morning it appeared worse than the night before, and it was evident that he could not survive long unless

something could be done soon to relieve him. The wife's anxiety, as she saw him sinking under his injury, cannot be written. The thought of parting with the one to whom for years she had been devoted, and being left feeble and alone, with little Alice, in that unfrequented place, would, at times, overpower her. Nothing but a wife's anxiety to relieve the sufferings of a husband kept her from sinking. Nothing but this, did I say? Ah, there was one thing more, — an unshaken trust in God. She was one of those few who realize the bliss of the relationship she sustained to her Maker. She looked upon him as her spiritual *Father*. She availed herself of this opportunity to speak to her husband of God, of his goodness, and his love for his children. Cherishing herself a firm belief in his sin-superabounding grace, she strove to lead his soul to that grace that he might baptize in its waters and be at peace.

It was sunset time, three days after his injury was received. She was seated by his side. The slanting sunbeams rested upon his face. It never looked so placid before. A holy peace seemed visibly to stream up over his brow, like twilight up a cloudless western sky. She had been unfolding to his mind the divine realities of religion. The glorious sunlight, the green, vocal forests,

the flashing waters, were all cited in proof of the love and providence of God. For the first time, his heart yielded wholly to the influence of her theme, and tasted the waters of eternal life. Rich and sweet were the draughts which his thirsty spirit then quaffed. Long had his stubborn nature, half conscious of her worth, moved within its controlling influence. But she never seemed so lovely to him as at that hour. He was awaking, on the brink of the grave as he thought, to a full sense of that loveliness, the influence of which had first attracted his heart, and within the sphere of which he had been constrained to live.

"Mary," said he, "I am reconciled to God. I see him now as you see him. I trust I love him as you love him. I could now die in peace were it not for the recollection of my wayward son, whom I forgive, and the thought that I should leave you and our dear little Alice friendless and alone." His voice here faltered and he wept.

He was comforted by these words from the lips of his wife: "Edgar, a merciful God will forgive; grieve not for Alice and me. He whom we trust and love will not forget us. If the little sparrow as it falls is seen by him, we shall not be without his notice. He will never

leave us. We shall not be forsaken. Even now he beholds us, and already, perhaps, there is a blessing, angel-winged, speeding from his hand to comfort us."

Yes, prophetic mother, such a blessing is near you! Hark! there is a rap at the door. She opens it, and a stranger enters; such a stranger as the sick and disconsolate love to meet. He was a young man of benevolent expression, and endearing demeanor. He resided in a village not many miles distant, was its physician, and was then on a pleasure excursion down the coast. Attracted by the quietude of the peaceful bay, he had come to enjoy its retirement. The humble cot which he had now entered, opened upon his view, and, somewhat wearied, he had come to solicit its repose. He met with a kindly reception, and soon learned the father's misfortune. Immediately he undertook to relieve the pain of the suffering man, and, if possible, eradicate its cause. His labors and skill resulted favorably. He remained with the family three days, and when he bade them adieu, the father was able once more to walk forth into the fresh air and sunlight. The cause of his pain, however, had not been removed; it was beyond the reach of human skill, and was destined, at length, to bow him to the grave.

During his short visit, the interesting family had become endeared to his heart. The subdued, meek appearance of the father, the gentleness and Christian sweetness of the feeble mother, and, above all, perhaps, the confiding innocence of little Alice, blooming there under the protection of those who soon, in all probability, must go down to the chambers of death — all these, awakened an uncommon interest in his breast; an interest which manifested itself in occasional visits, and many little acts of kindness.

Years passed on; and every year the kind-hearted stranger was at their door. The mother continued to verge towards the shadowy regions of death. The father bowed prematurely under his affliction. As he neared the grave, he partook more of the mildness and serenity of those holy beings beyond. Little Alice grew more and more interesting. Every year, as it developed the symmetry of her form, developed also the inward graces of her soul. But we must hasten our narrative.

One beautiful morning in autumn, four years after the first visit of the stranger, an interesting scene was transpiring at Warrington Bay. The mother was taking her farewell of her husband and little Alice, then six years old. The stranger was present to enjoy the solemn religious luxury

of the scene. Its beauty cannot be portrayed. Supported and cheered by the faith which had comforted her through life, her spirit stood, like an angel upon the confines of the immortal world, speaking peace to the sorrowing of this, with its wings outspread for its upward flight. Mary had thanked the stranger for his kindness, and bidden him a sweet adieu. The last affectionate comforting had been spoken to her husband. Taking little Alice by the hand, she imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow which was bent down to her lips; then desired her to be good and kind to her feeble father, to love him more tenderly when she was gone; "and" said she, and they were her last words, "if you ever meet Edgar, as I seem to think you will, assure him of my love for him in the hour of death; and, O, strive to make him good and happy." As these words parted from her lips, those pale lips closed forever in an expression of pleasant trust. Her eyes dimmed. The last twilight of her beautiful soul streamed o'er her features and was cold. She was Death's. Death's? No! Immortality's. Her spirit passed from earth through the dim shadow of the "silent land," to the light of that upper home.

"So fades the summer cloud away."

She was buried on a rising knoll near the shore from which she had often looked on the glorious scenery, and communed with her Maker.

Her husband survived her but a few years, and, by the friendly stranger, was interred by her side. His life closed like some boisterous April days, in a serene, mellow evening, which augurs a brighter morrow. Little Alice was consigned to the care of the stranger, who loved her as a child. He conveyed her to his home. He realized the responsibility which he had assumed as her guardian. A lovely but tender plant he had taken to rear. Under his hospitable roof her days passed happily. The Christian graces clustered around the innocence and purity of youth as she approached womanhood. Her brother, of whom she had heard her parents speak so often and affectionately, was frequently present to her thoughts. There was treasured in her mind a faint belief that, at some future day, she should behold him. This was mainly, perhaps, the result of her fond mother's hope. Recollections of the dead would sometimes float in gloom through her soul. Then she would be pensive and sad. Every spring her indulgent guardian would accompany her to the graves of her parents. She loved to visit them. They were beautified with flowers which her own hand

had planted. She nourished them with a care and taste which bespoke an inward conviction that her own fragile form would, ere long, sleep beneath their fragrant shade. Beautiful one! Such *is* to be thy lot! But ere thou wilt go to thy rest there, thou art to mingle in bloody scenes, and the strength of thy sweetness is to be proved. Thy meek spirit is to struggle with sin, to triumph, and *then* go and claim its victory-crown in heaven!

About the time Alice entered upon her nineteenth year, a letter was put into the hands of her guardian, written three years before, by a sister of Alice's mother, who resided in England. It imported that she had indirectly learned from a seaman, but a short time before the date of the letter, that her sister had removed to F. . . . . with her husband. The letter contained an earnest request that, if living, she would return an immediate answer; but if not, that some one who might have known her would answer the same, communicating such information relative to her family as might be deemed interesting to her kindred. The reception of this letter awakened in Alice's bosom a desire to visit the relatives of her mother, and soothe them by revealing the mystery which she knew must, to their minds, envelope her history. The hope that such a

voyage might be beneficial to her health, induced her guardian to acquiesce with her desire. It was resolved that she should make the voyage immediately, with the expectation of returning the following year.

The sea was sparkling in the sun one radiant morning in summer; and, stirred into gentle waves by a western breeze, was laving its surrounding shore. On that promising morning Alice bade adieu to her tender guardian, stepped on board a merchantman bound for London, and moved towards the birth-land of her parents. Two days after their departure, when sixty leagues from port, the wind having suddenly changed, the lusty vessel was beating against its tide. It moved on, however, but with a pace somewhat slackened by wind and wave. As the sun was declining on this day, a vessel was seen approaching them from the open ocean. Direct on the wind it made towards them with rapid speed. As she approached, her character excited the suspicions of the crew. Their worst conjectures were confirmed when she had approached within two leagues. She was a pirate! It was impossible to ascertain her strength. Of course, they dared not risk an encounter. Their only hope of escape lay in changing their course and sailing before it on the wind. They hoped

that, if not able to outsail her, they might, at least, elude her until night should come down upon the waters and veil them in darkness. They tacked with all possible expedition. When the dim shadows of evening swept over the waters, they were nearly two leagues apart, sailing towards the coast with all the rapidity which wind, combined with the most expert seamanship, could give. When night with darker shadows — and they were impervious this night, for it was cloudy — came brooding down upon the sea, the pirate had gained one league upon her prey, and was still bearing down upon her with eagle sweep. She lost sight of her prey in the darkness, but, familiar with the sea, and anticipating the direction which the merchantman would pursue, she still kept on her course. She was right in her anticipation. About two o'clock the clouds suddenly broke and scattered, and a full moon lit up the sea with her pale, trembling beams. Such a revelation! Well might her beams be pale and tremble! They had revealed the innocent prey to its insatiate pursuers! Yes, when the moonlight first fell through the parted clouds and leaped joyously down upon the swelling bosom of the sleeping sea, the vessels were abreast, and but a few rods apart! Instantly a broadside discharge was opened by the pirate.

It was quickly returned by the merchantman; returned, too, with a vigor and effect which at once announced that she was no easy captive. Desperate was the conflict which had now commenced. Stimulated, at first, by the love of gain, and, as the conflict deepened, by revenge, the assailants fought with reckless daring. On the other side, as there was no alternative between victory and death, the crew of the merchantman defended themselves with bloody bravery. For near an hour the vessels poured into each other the most deadly fire. Upon their decks ran the blood of the wounded; and from each, amid the mingled roar of the guns, went up the groans of the dying to the ear of listening night. Now, above the thunder of battle, the wail of the wounded, and splash of waves, was heard the authoritative command, "Board the infernal craft! The first man that retreats shall die, and he who shall not bathe his sword in the heart's blood of a foe shall crimson this." As this was spoken, a sword gleamed in the moonlight on the quarter-deck, above the head of Conrad, the daring leader of this pirate band. He had lashed the two vessels together, and when he had uttered his command he leapt on board the merchantman, followed by what survived of his desperate crew. They were met by a brave but

less numerous foe, who gave them a murderous reception. Hand to hand they fought, until but two remained to dispute the deck. These retreated to the cabin, took their stand by its door, and there resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. And why are they there? O, the innocent and beautiful Alice is within, and they will defend her to the last! Yes, they will die in her defence, nobly die. Conrad had but five men remaining. He ordered three on board his own vessel, and taking with him the other two, descended to the cabin. Desperate was the last conflict there which preceded his victory. One of his most trusty men had fallen, when, wielding his sword with redoubled energy, at two strokes he levelled his antagonists in gory death. Then, leaping over their writhing bodies, he followed his companion into the cabin. The sombre light of a lamp burning upon a little table, revealed to him a pale, beautiful maiden, standing with her white hands clasped as in prayer, and her eyes upturned to heaven with an expression of resignation and trust. She was praying. The only words which fell on his ear were these, "May God forgive you as I do!" Before her stood his comrade, with his sword uplifted over her head. Conrad, he knew not why, rushed forward, and, with a side-stroke, parried the de-

scending weapon with a force which struck it from the hand of him who wielded it, and, for an instant, almost paralyzed his arm. Disappointed and enraged, he turned to Conrad and demanded an explanation.

"Return to thy post," said Conrad; "there seek thy explanation." All the fiendish passions of his soul were stung into anguished life by this reply.

"Black-hearted monster," said he, "you would save her from my wrath to gratify a worse passion of thine own. Thy calculating baseness shall be foiled." While saying this, quick as lightning he sprang to seize his sword, that he might execute his hellish purpose. He grasped it — his hand relaxed — he fell over it — his heart was quivering around the keen point of Conrad's sword!

"Lie there," said Conrad, "till h— calls for thee." Turning to Alice, he said, "Thou owest thy life to this right arm. Trust in its strength, and until it falls powerless by my side thou shalt be harmless."

"My trust is in God," returned Alice, meekly, "whose right arm is omnipotent and eternal. Didst thou ever think of its power?"

"Where wert thou bound?" asked Conrad.

"To England, the native land of my parents," answered Alice.

"Thou wilt never see England," said he, with a sad, but somewhat decided tone.

"I never may."

"No. Escape thou must not, to reveal this deed of blood. Perhaps our safety will require thy speedy death. Be ready for thy exit."

"I am ready," returned she, with a thoughtful sadness of expression which arrested his notice. He gazed upon her, for a moment, with a look which telegraphed a soul stirred to its very depths with mighty memories!

"I must return to my ship," he said; "I leave thee to thyself, a moment." He closed the door, locked it, and went to rejoin his crew. He passed over bleeding corses, but he saw them not. The groans of the wounded wailed mournfully around him; he heard them not. What had power to arrest his soul, and thus transfix its attention in that awful hour?

When he reached his own vessel, morning was flushing the east with her earliest beams. A consultation was held, at which it was resolved, as their numbers were so few, to abandon their own vessel and go on board the merchantman. This resolve was executed during the day. While at their labor, their conversation was overheard by Alice. From it, she learned that there was a disagreement among them with re-

gard to her fate. All voices, but one, demanded her death, that all chances of discovery might be foreclosed. That one voice at length yielded to the clamor of the majority. Being the leader of the band, he was chosen to execute the bloody deed. With desperate intent, he unlocked the door of the cabin, and entered.

"It is determined that thou must die," he said abruptly, but with a sternness and indifference which evidently was forced. "This sword which saved thy life has come to bring thee death. Bow thee to the stroke."

Alice looked upon him thoughtfully, as she said, "Thou wilt then be my murderer! Didst thou not promise to be my saviour?" Then raising her eyes, she continued, "My Father, must I perish thus? Is the hope and prayer of a fond mother, and the cherished wish of my own heart, never to be realized? O, am I never to meet that wayward brother, and lead him to goodness and to thee? Do thou, then, who art kind to the unthankful, forgive him, and, though he never responded to a mother's or a sister's love, may he respond to thine, which is far better. Forgive him who is to be my murderer." Looking upon Conrad, she said, "Thy victim is ready."

Why looks she so compassionately upon him?

Why flash those hope-beams o'er her pallid countenance? Conrad was in tears. For the first time, almost, in his life, they flowed fast and warm down his face. One hand was upon his burning brow; his sword hung loosely in the other. Evidently the most powerful emotions were swelling in his soul. At length, he spoke. "I know not who thou art, but there is something in thy look and voice — which saves thee from my sword. Thou may'st live awhile." Saying this, with an effort to overcome and conceal his emotions, he once more left her presence. Thus, for a moment, he mused: "Strange that I, who have dared e'en death itself, should cower before helpless innocence. 'T is even thus. Her look and voice wake memories within me which oft have stirred my soul and yielded to my will, but which now cannot be quelled. O, mother! thy look, thy voice, I see and hear! Be still," said he, recollecting himself. "I have a manly, perhaps a bloody part yet to act. By this good blade, I swear that not one drop of her pure blood shall ever crimson a pirate's sword!" He appeared among his comrades. As soon as his resolve was announced, an angry conversation ensued. The most bitter reproaches were heaped upon him. He was accused of the basest designs. For awhile, he bore their insults pa-

tiently; but his own indifference only served to give wider latitude and greater boldness to their rage. Evening was approaching. As it drew on, their growing wrath was nearing a bloody climax.

"Conrad," said a loud voice, "she *must* die, or thy life 's the forfeit." This said, the speaker rushed furiously towards the cabin door. He was followed by Conrad. An encounter ensued, so desperate in its nature, that it transfixed, for a moment, the energies of the remaining two. The momentary shock over, they ran to join in the attack against their bold leader. Before they reached him, the contest was decided. He had laid his antagonist dead at his feet, but had received a wound in his own side. Nothing daunted or weakened, he rushed furiously against the two assailants. They quailed before the lightning of his eye, and retreated. He pursued them. A wild cry of "fire! fire!" was heard from the quarter-deck. It was followed by a "bubbling groan." His antagonists, rather than meet his vengeance, had chosen to perish in the sea, but not till they had satiated their revenge. They had fired the vessel, and ere the ripples were still above their bodies, the flames rolled forth from the hold. Conrad, quick as thought, hastened to the cabin, and burst open the door.

The object of his wild regard sat apparently lifeless by the table. She had fainted. He seized her fragile form in his lusty arms, bore it upon deck, hastily placed it in the stern-boat, which unaccountably had been overlooked by his avengers, lowered it upon the waves, leapt in, and pushed off from the burning wreck.

When Alice revived, she found herself upon the broad sea, near the steaming hulk of that vessel in which she had started for the fatherland of her parents, in the presence of the daring Conrad. He was engaged, alternately in inducing her recovery, and in stanching the wound which he had received. She kindly proffered her services, but found herself too feeble to be of much aid. It was soothed, however, by her proffered sympathy and assistance, and Conrad was not insensible to the influence of woman's tender care. The expression of his countenance was now somewhat softened. It had a sad, thoughtful cast. Alice gazed upon him with a kind, but absent look. Her soul was drinking in the inspiration of heaven to aid her in that momentous hour. Her attention returned with a sweet smile, which bespoke a consciousness that the way of duty was now clear. She inquired, "Didst thou ever know an anxious father's love?"

"No," said Conrad; "my father never loved me. His hatred drove me from his door, and did much towards making me what thou hast seen."

"Perhaps, then," continued she, "the mother who gave thee birth caressed and loved thee? Dost thou ever think of her love?"

He sighed, and, for a moment, was silent. "Think of it! yes, often. Her pure image is engraven upon my heart, all sinful as it is. Oft have I seen her, as in sunshine I thoughtfully paced the deck, or when the storm howled in its wrath around me, or in night's dark hour, in dreams. She stands before me, then, with her face turned towards heaven, as she stood when, praying for me, I bade her a rude farewell. I know not how, but when I first saw thee, her image was suddenly transfigured upon the mount of memory, and I felt, as never before, the power of her last words, and mild, beseeching eyes!" He bowed his head and sighed.

"A sister, too, perhaps thou hast," said Alice, "who mourns a brother's absence, and yearns once more to meet him? Hast thou a sister?"

"I left a sister in the home which I deserted. I would give worlds, were they mine, to see her, and ask her forgiveness. Dear little Alice!" mused he, half aloud; "O, that I could know

thou wert yet alive, and would forgive thy brother!"

"*Alice!* was her name *Alice?* If thine were Edgar, instead of Conrad, I should think thou wert my long-lost brother? My name is Alice; Alice Warrington. I had a brother Edgar. Mother often spoke to me of him, would weep the while, and pray that God would take care of him and forgive him. I have not seen him since a child."

As Alice concluded, Conrad knelt beside her, took her hand in his, and pressed it convulsively to his heart. His emotions were too mighty for utterance. At length he exclaimed, "My sister! O, Alice, it *is* you!" His feelings again overpowered him.

"Edgar! My brother Edgar! can it be!" exclaimed Alice. "Is my dear mother's prayer and mine realized? O, I am *so* happy!"

Such were the circumstances under which the wish of a fond mother was realized, and Alice and Edgar met. Their emotions no pen can portray. They must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Alice unfolded to her brother the melancholy history of their home since he had been a wanderer from it. In turn, he gave an account of his own adventures, which may be summed

up in a few words. Soon after he left his home, he enlisted on board a man-of-war, joined in a mutiny, assumed the name of Conrad, and became the daring leader of a band of pirates.

> "By *merit* raised
> To that *bad* eminence."

The night was spent in earnest conversation. Alice strove to lead her brother's thoughts to God and holiness. She talked, she wept, she prayed, with all the eloquence of a loving sister's earnestness. He, who but a day before scattered death around him, yielded to her pleadings, and from loving her, learned to love his Maker.

Morning dawned upon the waters. The prodigal had returned. Alice, exhausted by the varied and intense emotions which had agitated her bosom, and chilled by the dampness of the night, was reclining at the stern of the boat, which was headed towards the shore. The twilight, as it leapt along over the sea, revealed that shore to their joyous sight. 'T was a familiar shore. Ah, the eyes of Edgar rested upon the very projecting cliffs from whence he had gazed on the mad sea, and mocked its fury! His eye swept along up the bay, and there stood all that was left of *home*. He made towards it. They were passing silently between the cliffs

through which surging billows often slide to rest in the bosom of the bay. The sun was just rising above the waters. Edgar gazed upon its cheerful face, and smiled. 'T was a beautiful sight! But his eye now dropped upon one even more beautiful, — the countenance of Alice. It betokened that her spirit, in its mild, morning splendor, was rising above the serene ocean of eternity. As he gazed upon her, her lips moved as if endeavoring to speak. Utterance was denied her, and she sweetly *looked* her long farewell. She died. She passed from the tumult of life to the haven of eternal rest. There was a power in her death which completed and sanctified the triumph of her innocence and love. Her image was ever present, with that of her fond mother, to the memory of Edgar. And now that his soul was at peace, they were present, not to quicken the reproaches of conscience, but as the spiritual memorials which one loves to enshrine in the heart.

Edgar buried his sister in a rude coffin, by the side of her mother. He raised no mound nor memorial-stone. He survived her four long, weary years, living more in heaven than on earth. His spirit was truly repentant and humble. He secluded himself from the living, to live by the dead.

Our narrative opens with his death-scene. It is proper that we mention that his kind-hearted visiter listened with unusual interest to his story. At the mention of Alice, he started with a rapture bordering on surprise, and exclaimed, "The mystery is solved, thank Heaven that I am here!" As her character was unfolded by the incidents which the dying man related, he would say, with tearful interest, "How like Alice! How like Alice!"

The last request of the dying Edgar was, that he might be laid to rest by the side of his sister. Being assured that his request should be complied with, he bade the kind-hearted stranger an affectionate adieu, and died. He was interred agreeably to his desire, and with an affectionate faithfulness which may confirm the reader's impression that the stranger was none other than the guardian of Alice. There are now four white tombstones to be seen on a little shaded knoll which is mirrored by the clear waters of Warrington Bay. Beneath them sleep the family of the Warringtons.

TO ONE.

"To-night! to-night! what memories to-night
Came thronging o'er me as I sat by thee!
Thy look of loveliness — thy brow of light —
Thy voice's mellow flow —
All, all to me as bright
As when they claimed my soul's idolatry
Long years ago!"

I saw thee in thy father's hall,
Where oft we 've met before;
I saw thee, and did then recall
Scenes that may come no more
But in the form of past and faded things,
As Memory 's faithful to her nourishings.

Palm to palm! but the slight, brief pressure
Told me that thou hast changed —
That thy heart, whose love without measure
Was mine, is now estranged —
That the deep "gulf of years," with follies past,
Hath buried Friendship, Love, and Hope, at last!

Thy brow is light, thine eye is bright,
Thy lips as fair as ever;
As fair as when, one stilly night,
I gathered — O, no! never

Was their sweetness to waste itself on mine,
For *ours* in such embrace might ne'er entwine!

They say that thou art proud; *I* know
Meek thoughts oft o'er thee stealing;
I know the silent, generous flow
Of fervent kindly feeling
Thy heart yields — by these and many a token
I know thou 'rt less proud than thine *eye* hath spoken.

That eye! O, it on mine hath beamed
A living tenderness;
And while amid its light, I deemed
My life all shadowless;
But ah! the dream hath passed — we coldly meet —
The worshipped shrine lies broken at thy feet.

Farewell, thou unforgotten! Years,
Long years are yet before us;
Farewell — we part not now with tears,
Though darkened clouds sweep o'er us;
And though we meet no more in after days,
Yet back to brighter hours shall Memory gaze!

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Sept. 1.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Drawn by E. Wakefield

Engraved by F. Sobert

Lake on the Hudson

SONNET.

(SEE PLATE.—HUDSON RIVER.)

SERENE and bright, upon the placid river,
  Shines the clear light of heaven's unfading blue;
In the soft breeze the o'erhanging elm-leaves quiver,
  And the small village meets the admiring view.
A peaceful scene! a beautiful, bright scene,
  Peculiar to this land of free-born souls;
Mountains are here — there valleys intervene,
  And here the lordly river calmly rolls.
Firm as the mountains be thy laws, my land,
  And mild as the sweet vale that lies between;
And like the river, gliding o'er the sand,
  Be thy course onward, beautiful young Queen!
Till o'er thy mountains and thy green savannahs,
  Float but the stars and stripes of FREEDOM's radiant
    banners.

S. C. E.

DEBBY LINCOLN.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

EVERY body said Debby Lincoln was a pretty girl, an amiable girl, a good girl, but would make a miserable wife. And when she rose up in the singing gallery, every Sabbath morning, and led off the hymn in her sweet, bird-like voice, the village beaux looked at her, and thought, "True, Debby Lincoln *is* a pretty girl, an amiable girl, a charming girl. What a pity it is she will not make a good wife!"

There was one among them, however, who set at naught every body's opinion, and verily thought in his heart that Debby *would* make a good wife; but he was a prudent lad, and he kept his thoughts all to himself.

But what was the matter with Debby, that the mark of ill-housewifery was set upon her by those who were so ready to grant her the possession of qualifications not less desirable? Ah,

sad to tell, Debby was an inveterate novel-reader! and, worse than that, she loved to gather wild-flowers, to walk by moonlight, to ramble in the woods, and some said she was even so foolish as to draw pictures of old trees and broken fences!

Ah, Debby was a sad girl, to be sure, wasting her time in this way, when all the other girls in town were laying up treasure after treasure, in the shape of patched counterpanes, rose-blankets, silver spoons, and striped carpets. What if her cheek did grow brighter from her long rambles in the open air? and what if her much reading had infused a peculiar grace into her manners and her speech? Could these acquisitions counterbalance the accomplishments of churning, cheese-making, and wool-spinning, in which her sisters and female acquaintances excelled? Poor Debby! when her mother talked to her in this wise, she hung her head very demurely, and wept tears of repentance over her folly; but her perverse nature would not be controlled, and away she went again, in the same old path as before.

Well, we have said before, that there was one lad who had a different opinion of Debby; and he happened, one day, to meet her sitting upon the stile, in the apple-orchard, weeping very bitterly. She heard his step, and raised her

head to see who was coming. When she recognised Ben Wilson, she hid it again very quickly in her apron, for her eyes were red and full of tears, and she had rather any one should see her looking uncomely, than this same Master Ben.

"Why, Debby," said he, "what is the matter?" sitting down on the stile at her side.

Debby sobbed, but could n't speak a word.

"Has Ned Wallace been a teasing you? If he has, Debby, I 'll souse him into the horse-pond."

"No, Ben, I am crying about my own bad actions."

"Poh! nonsense, Debby. You never did a bad thing in your life. Somebody has been worrying you with that foolish story that you ought to be at work, instead of reading novels, and walking in the fields. Never mind them a bit, dear, but just go on as your sweet nature prompts you."

"Ah, Ben, but mother thinks I am very bad — not worth the raising; and yet it seems to me if she loved to hear the birds sing and see the bright flowers springing up by the brook-side, as well as I do, she would not reproach me for rambling an hour or two every day, under the open sky. And then my books, Ben; is n't it hard," — and here a plump little hand stole out upon his arm

—"is n't it hard to be denied the pleasure of reading about knights, and tourneys, and lords, and ladies, and all the wonderful and brilliant scenes of other ages and other lands? Why, Ben," she continued, forgetting her humiliation in the interest of her subject, and glowing with youthful enthusiasm, "you cannot think what beautiful dreams my reading inspires; and how sometimes my fancy pictures a regal tournament, with you for one of the masked knights, Ben; and, O dear, a lot of nonsense which I am ashamed to tell, but so interesting and delightful to think about. Now, do you think it wrong?" and as she put this question, she looked up into his face with such a beseeching earnestness, that Ben, had he been a saint, would have answered, "No!"

"Why, Debby Lincoln!" said he, "you are just like me, *only* I put you in for Queen of Beauty, as I think you are!"

"Fie, Ben, yon do n't think any such thing! Amanda Burton is your Queen of Beauty, and she wears a lock of your hair in her breast-pin."

"Well, Debby, she stole it one intermission-time, at school, and I teased her to give it back, but she would n't. I 'll *give you* a lock, if you will accept it, for I think you are ten times handsomer than Amanda."

Our readers must pardon Ben's blunt mode of gallantry, for he was but a boy of seventeen, unskilled in the artificial courtesies of the world; and Debby, naughty girl, provoked him into compliments, by feigning to stand very low in his good graces. She felt quite proud and happy when he cut from his temples a long wavy tress, and wound it playfully about her wrist.

"Keep it, Debby," he whispered, "for when you will see me again, I cannot tell."

Debby looked up amazed. The tear glittering in his eye, despite his smiles, proved the seriousness of his declaration. "Are you going away, Ben?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Yes, for a long time. And I am glad of it, though I shall leave many things behind me that I love. Debby, dear, I am going to be a painter."

"A painter!" exclaimed Debby, in a tone of mortification; "I should n't think that trade would please you. Do you mean a house-painter, or a fancy-painter, or what?"

"A house-painter and a fancy-painter, too," said Ben, laughing. "I shall paint both houses and fancies, I guess, if I succeed; and perhaps I shall paint you, if you will let me."

"O, I know; you mean you are going to be an artist," exclaimed Debby, brightening up at the thought of Ben's coming distinction.

"Yes, an artist. You know what a sleight I have in drawing things that I see, and how I used to teach you to draw trees and houses on a slate, when we were school-mates together. Now father, like all the people about here, thinks that every thing that is not work is idleness; and he has been out of patience with me very often, for spending so much time in making pictures. A week or two ago, I was down to Mr. Pratt's paint-shop, which joins father's cow-pasture. Our old Buckhorn, that father thinks so much of, stood grazing before the window, and I asked Mr. Pratt's leave to paint her upon a bit of board that lay on his table. He gave me the suitable colors, and I succeeded, as the portrait-painters say, in getting a very good likeness. I ran home with it, and placed it over the mantel-piece. Mother has always rather encouraged my taste for the art, and I saw her eyes glisten as father came in from work, and walked up toward the fire. 'Hurrah!' said he, 'that is old Bucky herself! Is that your work, Ben?' 'Yes,' I answered, promptly, making up my mind to meet calmly reproof or approbation, as the tide might chance to turn. 'Well, Ben,' said he, 'I don't see any thing but what we shall have to make a painter of you. How would you like to go to New York, to learn the art of my

old friend M.?' 'O, nothing could make me happier, father,' said I; and mother, putting in her word of counsel, the matter was in a short time decided. I do believe if I had painted a portrait of mother as good as Stuart could paint, it would not have pleased him more than that little daub-sketch of old Bucky!"

"Well, Ben, I am glad you are going, on *your* account, but what shall I do, with no one to excuse my faults, and make me think I am worthy to share the light of God's heaven? O, Ben, you are the only friend I have who is kind to me!" and again the large vexatious tears gushed wilfully forth from Debby's hazel eyes.

"Never mind 'em a bit, Debby, dear. They will all be proud of you some day, and think it an honor to be your acquaintance. I am sure I shall, for one. And now, since I may not see you again to have much talk, what little keepsake can I beg of you? Some trifle or other, Debby, that I can look at, and say, 'This was Debby's gift!'"

"O, I have nothing in the world fit to give you, Ben, unless it be this old song-book I have carried in my pocket so long."

"Just the thing I should have chosen! for every time I open it, which will be often, Debby, and read 'Bonny Doon,' or 'My Highland

Laddie,' or any of those favorite songs, I shall think of your sweet voice ringing through the hop-field as it did at the last picking, or starting out the swallows from the hay-loft in husking time. I will carry it in my spencer-pocket, close to my heart, and see *then* if I forget you, Debby!"

Debby smiled, and blushed, and sighed, all at once; then held out her hand to bid him good-bye.

"No, no, Debby! I have kissed you at huskings, and forfeit plays, and time and again, without an excuse, when we were younger; would you send me off now, *now*, Debby, when we may never see each other again, with a mere cold shake of the hand?"

Debby did n't know what to say, but Ben knew what to do, and giving her a hearty kiss on her cheek, such as the country girls were used to, a half century back, he was in a few minutes out of sight, over the hill.

* * * * *

Ah, me! *Time*—what a magician he is! Nothing but the world-old mountains, and the deluge-born hills, and the ever-shining firmament, can outstand his assaults; no, not even Debby, the dreamer of dreams, and the worshipper of flowers!

"What! Debby grown old?" says a saucy fellow, peeping over my shoulder to read my tale.

Yes, Hal, beauty *will* fade, and even heroines are not proof against wrinkled skins, and gray hairs. We who have no beauty, are the only ones fully sensible of its little worth; and are always kind enough to caution young men against being misled by it.

"Ah, yes — but one thing, sis; you always make your heroines beautiful, which I am sure you would n't do, if you did not think it of some value. So, you are caught there! But *how* old had Debby grown?"

Why, to tell the truth, she did not number less than a score of years; and such had been the peculiar influence of her daily rambles and bird-like freedom of soul, that her beauty seemed to have grown brighter and more benignant as her mind and bodily stature enlarged.

She had a full Venus form, for with characteristic perversity, she had resisted the application of whalebone and cords to the fine developement of breathing apparatus with which nature had endowed her, and grew into proportions far more elegant than the models sent out from the statuary-shops of the mantua-maker. The pure, healthful blood coursing through her veins, gave

a bright tint to her cheeks, and vivacity to every motion.

"And all this, because she neglected her tasks, and ran wild in the woods, I suppose — you are inculcating unthrifty practices, I fear, sis."

Not so, Hal. But be still of interrupting me, or I shall never get on with my story. Time, as I was saying, changes all things; and not the least surprising of his transformations was the alteration effected in Debby's habits. She loved as well as ever the little "floral apostles" of the wood and field; she had lost none of her taste for long solitary walks, and strolls by moonlight; and, mortifying to tell, she loved none the less than of old, to dream day-dreams, and read romances. But though she still indulged herself in a daily ramble, and decked her hair with wild-flowers morning, noon, and night, and stole many a casual moment to glance at the pages of a favorite book, she had learned the proper dignity of labor, and more fully estimated, than in younger days, the strength of her filial obligations. Her sisters were all married, and her mother, growing infirm, required her constant aid.

Behold our romping Debby, therefore, installed mistress of the dairy, and presiding divinity of the kitchen! See her, with a wreath

of pretty cabbage-flowers in her dark hair, standing over the churn, the rounded muscles of her white arms throwing the handle up and down with an effort that has sent the blood in bright currents to her cheeks, and made her eyes glow with dazzling beauty. Or look in upon her of a Monday morning — a time when an invasion of the kitchen is sacrilegious, I know, — and see if the vapor-bath from the steaming washtub has dimmed the sweetness of her smiles, or choked the rich music of her laugh. Hear her song, too, mocking the notes of the bluebird upon the roof-tree! Now she is out in the yard, spreading the clean linen upon the grass; and who will chide her if she pauses from her task to smell the new-blown lilacs, or tuck away a daffodil in her bosom?

"But where is Ben Wilson, that he is not back to tell Debby that he loves her?" asks that saucy Hal, peeping over my shoulder again.

Why, do you not suppose Debby has lovers enough already at her feet without my running away to New York to bring her one? The village beaux have forgotten their old doubts of Debby's thrift, and begin to feel the influence of *prudential* considerations mingling with their uncalculating admiration of her beauty. A report is credited in the village that a no less

personage than 'Squire Hazlitt, who has recently buried his old wife, and is the richest man in the neighborhood, not excepting even Capt. Wilson, is about silencing all rivalry by his superior claims. And sure enough, the 'squire must have some object in directing his steps toward widow Lincoln's house every Sunday evening, the brass buttons glittering on his blue coat like so many stars in the azure firmament, and his white hat brushed till it rivals the gloss on the back of the old gander that waddles about his door-yard.

We will follow him into the widow's, and inquire into the character of his pretensions. He knocks at the door, and Mrs. Lincoln ushers him into the parlor.

"Miss Debby at home?" he inquires. The widow simpers, and answers in the affirmative, then hurries off in search of the truant. After scanning every corner of the house, she hastens, as fast as her stiffened limbs will carry her, to the apple orchard, where she finds Debby seated on the stile, (a favorite seat since she parted with Ben Wilson there,) reading the book of Esther.

"Debby! Debby, I say! what have you trampoosed away to the ends of the earth for, when you knew the 'squire would be here to see ye?"

"Dear me! what can the old 'squire want,

coming here to spoil all my Sabbath evenings? I am vexed enough with him, when I have so little time I can call my own!" and Debby's face *does* wear a troubled look, as she closes the lids of her book, and follows her mother to the house. But her good-nature recovers itself before she enters the parlor, and the 'squire, it must be confessed, looks very much like "a widower bewitched," as he casts his eye on her glowing face and graceful figure.

After the salutations were over, the 'squire reseated himself by the window, threw one leg over the other, and continued as speechless as the laird of Dumbiedikes, gazing at Debby in wondering admiration.

"Had you a good sermon from Dr. Green, this afternoon?" at length inquired Debby.

"Why was n't Miss Debby there to judge for herself?" said the 'squire, reversing the position of his legs, and leaning toward her in a manner which he designed should be very expressive.

"I am not often a truant," said Debby, smiling, "but I was tempted to visit the other church, for the first time, to-day. I had heard much of their young pastor's eloquence, and I was not disappointed."

"Ah! Miss Debby must not be a lead sheep to beguile others from the true fold," gently chided

the 'squire. "I saw an old school-mate of yours looking very disappointed when the choir arose, and you were missing."

"A school-mate!" echoed Debby, turning very red, and looking very eager. Then dropping her eyes, she said in a saddened tone, "You allude to one of our usual church-goers, I suppose?"

"No; I mean young Wilson, who is home on a visit."

Poor Debby! the glow vanished from her cheek, she was fearfully pale, and several minutes elapsed before she was sufficiently herself again, to be aware that the 'squire was standing before her, laboring, by powerful blasts of air from his glossy beaver, to restore vitality to her nearly exhausted functions.

"You are faint, Miss Debby."

"O, not at all, sir. I never faint. Your efforts are entirely unnecessary. I beg you will be seated."

"At your side, Miss Debby?" said the 'squire, gaining courage from the consciousness of his generous efforts in her behalf. "Beg pardon, Miss Debby, but I am sure you were decidedly pale and languid. It is a very hot day."

"Very," replied Debby, leaving the chair at his side, and seating herself in the one he had

vacated at the window. This manœuvre, for a while, discomposed him; but feeling the necessity of resolute action, he drew his chair to her side again, and in set phrase, well conned over, made her a legal tender of his hand.

Debby was too much accustomed to proposals of this kind to feel much surprise, or manifest much embarrassment. But it required time and patience to convince the honest 'squire that his suit was really rejected; and to his credit be it told, a few unaffected tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed her hand in his, and bade her a kind farewell. "My home is lonely, Miss Debby, and you could have brightened it; but you know what is best for your own happiness, and I shall always pray that you may obtain it. Farewell!"

"Farewell, sir, and the Lord bless you!" replied Debby, for the first time feeling a real sympathy for her kind-hearted wooer; then returning to her seat by the window, she watched his retreat across the plain, musing intently, all the while, on the return of Ben Wilson.

"I am glad I was not at church," thought she. "I wonder how he looks — he was a handsome boy! The 'squire thought he was disappointed in not seeing me. Poor man! he judged others by himself. Six long years! He must have

forgotten me. I wonder if I shall see him before he leaves the village." These, and many other thoughts passed through Debby's brain, as she sat gazing on the western sky, just growing scarlet in the rays of the setting sun.

Yes, six long years had passed, and Ben Wilson had worked busily at his art, never once allowing himself the time or the expense for visiting his native village, till now his name stood honorably among the most promising in his profession, and he could meet his father with a proud consciousness that he had proved himself worthy of his praise. In his first letters to his parents, he had sent frequent words of remembrance to his friend Debby, but as she never received them, and, consequently, sent none in return, he had dropped her name from his epistles, but kept it all the more sedulously in his heart. When he at length returned to his native village, he was not wholly unprepared, yet was grieved to the soul, to hear that Debby was on the eve of marriage to another.

"It was a boyish folly to fancy that she cared for me, and would remember me!" he exclaimed to himself, in meditating on the disappointment of his long-cherished dreams. "She was but a little girl, then, — dear Debby! Well, she may have changed, — they say she has, —

and grown humdrum and thrifty; in that case, I should not love her;" and he tried to console himself by picturing her the antipodes of the wayward and beautiful playmate of his school-days.

"She was all poetry and romance then," continued his thoughts, "loving nothing so well as running in the woods, or reading novels under green trees. Now she makes butter and cheese, patches calico quilts, and is going to marry old Hazlitt, who would better serve for her grandfather! *Sic transit*, &c., heigh-ho! Well, I have but one mistress now — my dear, beautiful, unmercenary Art! O, I will love it more than ever, — I will marry it — and it shall know no rival."

With this heroic resolution, the young man bent his steps toward the house of widow Lincoln. "I will call on Debby, just to show her I have no unfriendly feelings, and that I still remember her as the favorite of my childhood. To see her in her metamorphosis will be the speediest way to smother these lurking regrets. I wonder why she was not at church." Just as this thought was reëntering his mind, he encountered 'Squire Hazlitt, on his return from his unpropitious wooing.

"Poor old man! he looks as though he had

not recovered from the grief of his wife's loss, yet," thought our artist, returning a courteous bow to the hurried nod of the widower. "Ah, Debby, *he* was not one of the masked and victorious knights in the chivalric dreams of thy girlhood!"

In the door-yard, he met Mrs. Lincoln. She did not recognise him till he announced his name, and inquired after his old friend Debby.

"Ah, she is well — walk in, and see for yourself, sir."

"You are going to lose her, I hear," said Ben, (we like the boy-name best,) choking a little, as he put the question.

"Well, it's for her good, you know, so I shan't complain," said the old lady, with a most complacent laugh, and giving him an expressive wink.

"Certainly not. Her *good* is what we all most covet;" and leaving the old woman to pursue her occupation of gathering chips, he entered the old-fashioned porch, and, with a light step, he traversed the hall to the open door of the parlor. Debby was still sitting, as we left her, at the window, watching the clouds, and pulling into bits a crimson rose she held in her fingers.

Ben paused and gazed at her — the humdrum

dairy-maid! Her hair was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in rich curls behind her ears down upon her throat. A few wild-flowers were twisted among the braids behind. Her soft, hazel eyes, lighted with memories that dewed her long lashes with tears, were fixed with a rapt gaze upon the brilliant clouds that threw back a requiting glow upon her fair, dimpled cheek. Never had the young artist's eyes dwelt on such beauty!

He entered the room, but so quietly that Debby's trance was not disturbed. He stood a moment, close at her side, unperceived. His heart beat so loudly he thought she must hear it, and he spoke, softly, "Debby!"

She started up, a sweet and joyous surprise gushing all over her face. "Why, Ben!" she exclaimed, cordially grasping his hand, and looking up with a flood of gladness into his face. He could have hugged her to his heart, in the fervency of his emotions; but the chilling thought —"She is another's!"—penetrated and petrified his soul. He resigned her hand, and murmuring some words of self-gratulation at meeting her again, took the seat 'Squire Hazlitt had recently vacated at her side.

Poor Debby! how she felt! She had pressed his hand, she had called him *Ben*, and he was

justly offended at her familiarity! Blush after blush poured in upon her face and neck, till she was actually obliged to hide her eyes in her handkerchief, and burst into tears. Poor Debby! how ashamed and humiliated she felt, and how sure she was that he would despise her!

Her friend did not quite understand the cause of her emotions, but there was something very consoling to him in the thought, that they were somehow connected with himself, and he sat without saying a word, until she had conquered her feelings, and was apparently calm.

"You know not what joy it affords me to breathe once more the air of my own valley, the sweetest valley in the whole world, for it is *home.* I never have loved, never *can* love a city; and to be once more amid the scenes of my boyhood, with my early friends at my side, to gaze once more on *our own* sunsets — ah, Miss Lincoln, you can imagine, from your own sympathies, what my delight must be."

Debby had not yet removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and she dreaded to do so, for fear her former embarrassment would return, and again overpower her. Those who have never been similarly affected will think her foolish; we can only say they are happy in not being able to justify her from experience. Ben appre-

ciated her feelings, and begged her to excuse him while he went to assist her mother, whom he saw from the window, bending beneath the weight of her chip-basket. He made his errand as long as propriety would admit, by chatting with the old lady, and entering with interest into all her domestic details. Debby had opportunity to recover herself and assume a good degree of dignity, before he resumed his seat. She made no allusion to her emotion, not knowing what apology to offer, and not liking to confess the truth.

"You find many changes in our village since you left, I suppose," she remarked, anxious to find some foothold for her feelings in conversation.

"Yes, many; though not generally unpleasant ones. Most of my old friends are settled in life, married, with growing families, and apparently prosperous. These, certainly, are changes to which I can easily reconcile myself. Death has made few ravages; I must, however, regret the loss of my kind old friend, Mrs. Hazlitt. I met the 'squire — poor man! — as I came this way, and I thought his grief had impressed itself very legibly upon his honest face."

Wicked Ben! how deeply he thought to probe! And Debby, recalling her recent interview with

the 'squire, and giving her own interpretation to his troubled looks, could not avoid blushing deeply, in provoking confirmation of Ben's preconceived ideas of their relationship. Of these ideas, however, she had no suspicion, or she would have speedily annihilated them; and so Ben was left to blunder on in his foolish misapprehension of her feelings.

"Time passes more carelessly over the quiet denizens of the country, than he does over those who strive in the tumults of the crowd, I fancy," said Debby.

"If you allude to me, Miss Lincoln, I confess he has used some rude chiseling upon the outer man; but believe me, he has touched no heart so lightly. He could work no changes *there*, while it was shielded by this dear talisman;" and Ben drew from the breast-pocket of his coat the little song-book he had carried there so long and faithfully, and turning to the blank page, showed her, in his boyish hand-writing, the date of their parting, with these additional words, "A keepsake from dear Debby."

"I am sorry you think me changed," he continued, after waiting a few minutes to satisfy himself what interpretation he ought to give to the beautiful confusion painted in her expressive face. "I have formed a different opinion of

yourself. You seem to me the same creature of impulse, intellect, and romantic feeling, that you used to be when we played together in the old school-house, and when we parted at the stile. You still deck your hair with wild-flowers, still gaze at beautiful sunsets, still laugh, and still cry, just as my sweet Debby did, long ago! Perhaps it would have been better for me, and yet I should have deeply regretted to have found you converted into a humdrum housewife, a pattern of domestic thrift. It would have disturbed the harmony of your life's drama. You have always seemed to me a bright and beautiful star; I could not patiently have been convinced that you were a mere sky-rocket, dazzling for a few brief years, to sink down at last in utter obscurity."

"Mr. Wilson is unchanged in one respect—he still knows how to flatter."

"No, I do not, Debby—for by that name I must still be privileged to call you. You are not, you never were like those around you. Your qualities possess a brilliancy I have never witnessed in another, and a brilliancy, too, that owes nothing to art. But as my commendation can be of no worth to you, I will begin to chide. You called me Mr. Wilson, just now. True, the beard has grown upon my cheek, and my voice

has a deeper bass than when we parted; but I feel Ben's heart beating within my bosom yet, and if there is any thing I may claim on the score of old friendship, it is that you call me by the name your voice has taught me to love. 'Mr. Wilson,' does very well for the city and the crowd, but my heart has been leaping up, ever since I left New York, at the thought that when I reached home, I should be greeted as 'Ben' once more. But, no; father calls me Benjamin, and mother calls me Benjamin, and the villagers, still more respectful, address me as Mr. Wilson; still, I could not but indulge a secret hope that Debby would call me *Ben*. And so you did, in your first surprise, but I find you have stilted me up at last into Mr. Wilson, like all the rest."

"Very finely it sounds for you, the first transgressor, to reproach me for adopting your own reserve. Remember that Miss Lincoln is quite as obnoxious from your lips, as Mr. Wilson can be from mine."

"Well, Debby, it was not a fault of the heart, for that ever thinks of you by the dearest and sweetest name. And now if you will call me Ben, we shall stand pretty nearly upon the footing of younger days."

"I *do* call you Ben, for it is in this character that I have ever thought of you. And now that

the preliminaries of our intercourse are peaceably settled, permit me to inquire into the character of your fortunes since we parted."

As Ben went into a somewhat elaborate detail of his six years' adventures, our readers will pardon us for omitting the remainder of their interview. It passed pleasantly to both, and when they separated, Ben's heart throbbed with bitterness at the thought that Debby was lost to him, and Debby's with joy that Ben had returned unchanged.

The next day — our narrative proceeds by *days* now — while Debby was performing the duties of the laundry, (we have no false pride about our heroine's occupations,) she heard a gentle knock at the door, and opening it with some trepidation, (for what if it should be Ben!) she was relieved by the appearance of 'Squire Hazlitt. Strange to tell, the 'squire was dressed in his Sunday suit of bright blue, and wore his glossy beaver.

"Your pardon, Miss Debby, for calling at this unseasonable hour. I intended to have delivered my message last evening, but circumstances to which I need not allude, and of a nature to put ordinary thoughts out of my mind, caused me to forget it. You may have heard that there is to

be a huckleberry * party to Dob's Hill, this afternoon. I should not have been boy enough to have thought of going, except for Lucy and Mary, who would give me no peace till I promised to carry them. There will be room for four in the barouche, and if Miss Debby will make one of our party, I need not say how much pleasure it will afford us all."

Debby thanked the 'squire very cordially, and not wishing to pain him by refusing his kind invitation, agreed to be in readiness at the specified hour.

Quite a sensation it created among the party assembled under the clump of trees at the foot of Dob's Hill, when 'Squire Hazlitt drove up his prancing grays, with a barouche full of gay young ladies. "Who are they?" inquired Ben Wilson, who stood partly behind one of the trees, in conversation with Amanda Burton.

"It's the old 'squire, with his daughters, Lucy and Mary, and his bride-elect, Miss Debby Lincoln."

"That marriage is a settled thing, then, is it, Miss Burton?"

"O, certainly. The lady used to be a favorite of yours, I believe, Mr. Wilson."

* Whortleberry.

"It was of no use. Wealth will bear away the palm. But it is a pity so bright a jewel should be mated with an antique coin."

"Ha! ha! very good, Mr. Wilson. You have lost none of your former wit, I see. But be hist, for they are approaching us."

Ben bowed coldly to Debby, and hastened to the young ladies, Lucy and Mary, who were mere children, when he left the village. Mary Hazlitt had the reputation of a beauty, and she certainly was a very delicate and graceful girl. He interested himself, therefore, in renewing her acquaintance; and through the whole afternoon, devoted himself to her almost exclusively.

Poor Debby! All the beaux, believing that she belonged to the 'squire, had chosen them other partners, and left her sitting alone on the wall. "You see how it is," said the kind-hearted widower, coming to her relief; "all yield consent to my claims, but yourself. Shall I go and tell them of their mistake, or will you consent to receive my antiquated gallantries, in lieu of those that would be more acceptable?"

"O, certainly, 'squire, with the understanding that now exists between us, I would choose your attendance in preference to that of any gentleman present." And Debby spoke sincerely; for she was vexed at Ben's coldness, and would have

shrunk from the attentions of any other *young* man of the party. Closely by her side, therefore, hovered the 'squire, filling her basket with berries, mounting the rocks to gather the red columbines for her hair, and bringing oak-leaves and thorns for the manufacture of sylvan mantles, in which employment he industriously assisted.

"Do look!" exclaimed his lively daughter Mary to her companion, Ben Wilson; "see how gallant papa has become! I declare, he is braiding flowers in my fair stepmother's curls! It amuses me to see how readily he assimilates to Debby's sentimentalisms. Is n't it astonishing that old men will be so bewitched by young beauty?"

"How can you ask such a question of a *young* man, who, of course, must feel the witchery even more acutely?" replied Ben, with a complimentary glance at the pretty face of Miss Mary. "I hope you approve of your father's choice."

"Why, if father *must* marry again, I had as lief he would take Debby as another. She will be a companion for Lucy and I, which will be more pleasant than to be under the jurisdiction of some lynx-eyed old maid, more suited to father's years."

About sunset, wearied by the heat, and grieved at Ben's neglect, Debby descended the hill, and sat down alone in the shade of the trees. The 'squire had tact enough to perceive that her own thoughts would be as agreeable to her as his company, and wisely forbore to follow. Ben, however, feeling that he had been unkindly negligent, availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from his lively companion, and join the dear being whom it was idle for him to love, but who was never absent from his thoughts.

Debby, unwilling that he should know how much she felt his coldness, replied with her usual cheerfulness to his salutations, and when he asked her to sing him one of the old songs which delighted his boyhood, she broke forth, in a voice that thrilled him more than of old, and without one foolish apology, into the sweet and plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Her eyes fell on his at the close, and she saw they were full of tears. Blessed witnesses! they atoned for all his coldness, all his neglect; and once more Debby felt that he was unchanged.

"See what I have found," said he, after a short pause, during which he had been playing with the clover-leaves on the turf where he sat. "A sprig of four-leaved clover! Do you remember, Debby, how we used to search for them

around your door-step? The rhyme ran, 'One, two, put it in your shoe;' and the first you met, you were doomed to wed; 'three, four, put it over the door,' and the first who entered would be the spouse. Do you remember?"

"O, yes; who ever forgets things like those?"

"And do you remember, Debby, that I one day gave you a 'four-leaf,' and made you promise to tell me the name of the first man or boy who went beneath it? Do you remember who the lucky man chanced to be?"

"I am sure I have forgotten."

"It was 'Squire Hazlitt, Debby. And when you protested against my raillery, because he was a married man, I told you, laughingly, nothing was more probable than that he might be a widower, some day. Do you remember, Debby?"

Just as she was about to reply, and dispel the illusion under which she saw he was laboring, Mary Hazlitt, with two or three other wild girls, came running up to her with some wonderful snake-story, and occupied all the remaining time till they separated for their homes.

Several days passed, and nothing was seen of the young artist. Debby at length heard the painful news of his illness, and of the dangerous sickness of his mother, both of whom were seized with a prevailing fever. It was now haying-time,

and farmers and farmers' wives were alike busy. In almost every house, too, one or more lay ill. Debby, though busy enough at home, could allow none of her neighbors to suffer for want of assistance. She at once regulated her household affairs so that a week's absence would bring no serious labor upon her mother; and tying on her bonnet, directed her steps to the house of Captain Wilson. She was joyfully welcomed by the captain, who had scoured the village over in search of a nurse, and was only able to secure one old woman, who was herself too infirm to be of much service to others.

Debby at once took her station by the bedside of Mrs. Wilson, who was alarmingly ill. Though she could do little to lessen the disease at its present crisis, she was capable, in many ways, of alleviating its discomforts, and rectifying the evils that had been occasioned by a want of necessary attendance. Though she would not be driven from her most suffering patient, Mrs. Wilson's entreaties would many times in a day prevail on her to visit Ben's apartment, and minister to his wants. He, in turn, though it cost him no slight effort, would hasten her back to watch over his mother; and so she passed, like a beneficent angel, from one couch to another, soothing the pains and anxieties of the

invalids, and obstinately regardless of her own weariness.

One day, when Mrs. Wilson slept, Debby stole into the parlor for a book. On the table lay a portfolio, containing a few pictures. She stopped to examine them. The first was entitled, "The Rustic Novel-Reader, from a painting by Benj. Wilson." What was Debby's surprise and emotion to recognise her own figure, in the simple costume of early girlhood, standing by the well-curb, with one hand dipping the bucket, and with the other holding open the pages of a tattered novel! A few glances at this, and she took up the second,—"The Boudoir of the Cottage Girl, from a painting by B. Wilson." It was but another scene in her early life, where she lay, with her garlanded head resting on her hand, reading a favorite volume, while above her sang the birds, and around her bloomed the flowers. The third and last had a still more engrossing interest. It was their parting at the stile. The painter had chosen the moment when she placed the song-book in his hand; and Debby thought he had given a very flattering beauty to her face. It was less flattering than thy mirror, Debby!

"How can Ben be so unjust to me," thought she, closing the portfolio, "as to suppose I am

going to marry the old 'squire! His own heart might have taught him better."

Mrs. Wilson had now passed the crisis of her disease, and was rapidly recovering; but Ben was daily growing worse. Mrs. Wilson's maternal alarm would permit her to receive no further attentions from Debby, whom she stationed constantly at her son's bedside; and surely the poor girl had need of few entreaties to remain there while Ben was in such evident peril. A mother's care could not have been more assiduous and unwearying than hers; but for several days her patient had not the slightest consciousness of her presence, though he often, in his delirium, murmured Debby's name.

But Ben was not fated to die under such skilful nursing, and ere a week had gone by, he was happily convalescent. "O, I have had such strange dreams, Debby," said he, one fine morning, holding out his hand to her as she entered the room; "and I am sure, under Heaven, I owe my life to you. How patiently you have tended me! and your cheek has grown pale, very pale, Debby, dear, since I saw you at Dob's Hill. I fear we must send you home to recruit, for you will never rest while you remain with us. How can we sufficiently thank you for your kindness these many wearisome days past? Mother has

been in to see me, this morning, and has talked of nothing but your excellent nursing. I must paint another picture when I return to New York, and what shall I call it, Debby? Sit down here by the bed, and throw aside your bonnet. I want this rose, unless it was a gift from the 'squire. May I have it, Debby?" and he disengaged from her scarf a fresh-blown bud, still moist with dew. But as he did so, it became entangled in a small ribbon worn upon her neck, and before she could extricate it, he had drawn out from its hiding-place a braided ring of chestnut hair, which was attached to the end of it, and now fell upon his hand.

The color rushed into his pale lips and cheeks. "Ah, Debby! Debby!" he exclaimed, seizing the hand that would have reclaimed its treasure; "the 'squire's hair is gray! Tell me if this be not the lock I twined around your wrist at our parting. Tell me, dear Debby!"

Silly girl! she betrayed herself by her blushes, notwithstanding she turned her head aside till Ben could see nothing but her crimson ear and neck. There was confession, too, in the very trembling of her hand.

"Dear Debby, do say you are *not* going to marry the old 'squire."

"If you were not sick, Ben, I would give you

a serious scolding for having given a moment's belief to such a ridiculous report. Your 'Queen of Beauty' crowns no other knight than the one she did of old," said Debby, timidly, at the same time lifting a pretty chaplet of myrtle and roses from the table where she had laid it, and binding it playfully around the invalid's brow.

Happy Ben! How rapidly he recovered on the elixir of Debby's love! And how bright the remaining hours of his convalescence became with dreams of the time when she whose beauty had animated his pictures, and won him a good part of the distinction he already enjoyed, should be not only the inspiring genius of his studio, but the presiding divinity at his hearthstone.

* * * * *

"There! that will do," says Hal, who has been following my story, page by page. "Leave us to imagine the widow's surprise, Debby's happiness, and all the details of the wedding and the settlement. I like your story pretty well, sis, but I am afraid the critics will complain of it for wanting a moral."

I have not written for a moral, Hal, but to depict a character, and illustrate village life in its loveliest and most poetic guise. Many a flower, as bright and beautiful as Debby, emits a life of sweetness in the glens and cottage-homes

of our country; and pleasant the task to me, Hal, to bring them out to the sunshine of such gentle sympathies as have followed the life of our sweet Debby from the undisciplined romance of early girlhood, up to its crowning glory of tested truth and requited love.

FORWARD MARCH!

BY A. C. THOMAS.

To the sun of truth if thou turnest thy back,
The shadow of *self* will darken thy track.
Is "forward!" the motto? 'T will end in wo,
For longer and darker the shadow will grow.

Soul Traveller!
Thou 'st turned thy face to the sun—
'T is a holy pilgrimage, well begun!
To the spirit's equator still onward press—
Still on, for thy shadow grows less and less.
Pause not, pause never! but onward haste,
Past syren bower, and o'er satyr waste—
For the shrine with beauty and truth is crowned,
And glory is beaming forever around.

Thou shalt know thy pilgrimage there complete,
When all of shadow is 'neath thy feet.

ABIMELECH.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"And he went unto his father's house at Ophrah, and slew his brethren, the sons of Jerubbaal, being threescore and ten persons, upon one stone."—JUDGES IX. 5.

THERE is a bloody record kept
  Of thee, frail erring one;
Strange that from such a noble sire
  There sprung so base a son!
Strange that a heart so young and proud
  Could prompt to such dark crimes
As stand engraved against *thy* name
  In ever-during lines.

Did not that old, gray, flinty rock,
  Stained with thy brethren's gore,
Haunt all thy after dreams of life
  With horrid tales of yore?
Did not those rigid, bloodless lips,
  And dull, half open eyes,
Seem ever whispering to thy heart,
  "*Blood! blood! thy hand now dyes?*"

Perchance thou thought'st no brow *could* ache
  Beneath a crown of gold;
No heart could feel a pang of pain
  Beneath a purple fold;
Deluded wretch! a thousand dream
  The same wild vision o'er,
And wake to find that peace hath flown
  To visit them no more.

Thy race was short; a little while
  Base flattery charmed thine ear,
A little while they hailed thee "king,"
  And courtiers crowded near;
But when the purple grape hung ripe
  Upon the clinging vine,
Thy guilty followers cursed thy name,
  And drank the sparkling wine.

There came an hour — a fearful hour —
  Blood stained thy pallid cheek,
And vainly in thy agony
  Thy lips essayed to speak;
Revenge had nerved a woman's hand
  To deeds of giant power;
How writhed thy soul with deep remorse
  In that dark, bitter hour!

Another pang — the bright steel flashed
  And glittered in the sun,
Then pierced thy guilty, quivering breast —
  Thy wretched course was done.

Unwept, unhonored was thy fall,
  Unsepulchred thy rest,
And no proud marble speaks thy praise
  Upon the green earth's breast.

COPERNICUS.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

THERE are, perhaps, some who mourn over the *scientific* tendencies of our time, the disposition to analyze and reason, to refer all phenomena to their natural causes. To such, science is eminently distasteful. They view its disciples as Iconoclasts, not as Artists; as those who would resolve all poetry into fact, who would rend the upholstery of heaven to get at the secret of light, and break the most delicate workmanship of God to know the wherefore of the shooting of a crystal. Sadly they exclaim,

> "'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old Religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
> That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
> They live no longer in the faith of reason."

But these do not consider the value of human progress, nor what is essential to it. If Truth and Beauty *must* be dissevered, if the knowledge

of fact must be sundered from the conceptions of genius, we must prefer the former; since, upon such premises, *ignorance*, and *superstition* must co-exist with *poetry* and *art*, and the means by which we banish the *ideal* and resolve the notions of fancy into unreal existences, are the very agents by which we escape from moral and intellectual bondage. Exactitude in science, then, and reliance upon reason, are to be welcomed as evidences of human progress, whatever befalls. But, in this instance, the premises are false. Truth and Beauty, the Actual and the Ideal, are not divorced in the nature of things. There *are* narrow-souled men, mere collectors of facts, and slaves to dry detail, who, doubtless, answer to the fears of those who consider science inimical to the loftiest conceptions of the intellect and the best feelings of the heart. But these are not men of science. They are only dwellers upon the outskirts, who see no *living soul* in nature, who recognise no transcendent Fact, because they are wholly absorbed in dissection and analysis. But true science gives us revelations of *beauty* and *spirituality*, not as vague impulses, or shadowy conceptions, but as based upon the demonstrations of reason. In pouring upon us the light of day, and dispelling the half-formed images of the night, it has only opened a

wider prospect, and exhibited all things in the harmony of true proportion.

We do not think it out of place, then, to introduce into our annual one who is so intimately connected with physical science, as he whose name designates this article. We are not about to enter into biographical, or scientific detail, but we wish to consider this man, in the position which he holds in the history of knowledge, as to his relation to human progress. Great discoverers in science are certainly to be ranked among the benefactors of the race. They may not have contributed immediately to human happiness, they may not have had *direct* action upon the heart and the life. Still, those who have unbarred the gates of truth in the material universe, have thereby not only afforded a clearer vision to the mass of men, by letting in more light, but have opened up new fields for the exercise of those faculties which, rightly employed, quicken the culture not only of the intellectual but of the moral nature; and by thus informing all that is excellent in us, aid in the elevation and the welfare of the race.

Nicholas Copernicus, or, more properly, Nicolas Kopernik, was born, according to the most received authority, on the nineteenth of February, 1473, in Thorn, a city now under the dominion of

Prussia, but then belonging to a country that has since been blotted from the catalogue of nations —Poland. His education was liberal. He was destined for the church, and the prospects that opened before him in that sphere were favorable, his maternal uncle being Bishop of Ermeland. The school at Cracow was then the only one in Poland, but was distinguished for the advantages which it afforded in the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and mathematics. Of these advantages Copernicus became possessed, graduated at that institution, and also received there the degree of Doctor in Arts and Medicine. But his taste was evidently for mathematical studies, especially Astronomy, and he entered accordingly into these pursuits with great zeal. One of the most vigorous intellects that had arisen in the new birth of learning, was one Müller, more properly known as Regiomontanus, a native of Franconia, pronounced by Hallam to have been the greatest mathematician of the fifteenth century. The works of this man fell early into the hands of Copernicus, and kindled within him an ardor that was only quenched with his life, and that urged him on to those results that have linked his name with immortality. An interview with this great man is said to have been the object that led Copernicus, about the

year 1495, to take a journey into Italy, although another authority mentions the death of Regiomontanus as having taken place a few years after the birth of the Polish astronomer. But whatever may have been his chief object, about the date already mentioned, he set his face towards Rome, where some of his relatives at that time resided. The young astronomer, already no mean proficient in his favorite science, halted at Bologna, in order to receive the instructions of one Dominic Maria Novarra; but the *pupil* soon rose to the rank of an *assistant*, in which capacity he became so much distinguished that his arrival at Rome had been preceded by his fame. At Rome he was installed into a professorship of mathematics, and remained there several years, so popular as a teacher that great numbers availed themselves of his instructions. But it will be remembered that his profession was that of an ecclesiastic, and, accordingly, it is probable that it was during his sojourn at the city of the papal court, that he entered into holy orders. Upon his return to Thorn, he was appointed to the superintendence of the principal church in that place. Soon after this, he was named by his uncle, the Bishop of Ermeland, one of the canons of his chapter, —that is, one of the clergy belonging to the

cathedral of the diocese, which was situated in Frauenberg, a small town near one of the mouths of the Vistula. We thus find our student settled down in the sphere in which he was to spend his days, and which was to be the theatre of those sublime and beautiful discoveries that were at once the causes and the heralds of a new era in astronomy. To those discoveries we now approach, passing over a violent political struggle, in which, in his official capacity, he performed a conspicuous and honorable part. Had he remained only as the useful canon of Frauenberg, or the retired and peaceful student, his name would, probably, long ere this, have dropped from the page of history. But his was a different destiny. Let us see what made it so. In order to appreciate the station which Copernicus occupies among the illustrious men who form the constellation of great astronomers, it will be well for us to glance at the times in which he lived, and at the position of the science of which he was such an ardent and successful votary. But as the times in which he lived derived their peculiar character from the ages that preceded them, we must run back somewhat in our recital.

To reach the time when men first began to reason upon the revelations of nature, would lead

us to the origin of our race. It is a peculiarity of man that he does not pause with the perception of a fact, but seeks to find an explanation or to discover a cause. In the fragments that have reached us from the earliest nations, then, we may naturally expect to discover various theories concerning the phenomena of the universe. But, says Whewell, "so far as our survey goes, physical philosophy has its origin, aparently spontaneous and independent, in the active and acute intellect of Greece." "The sages of early Greece," says he, "form the heroic age of science. Like the first navigators in their own mythology, they boldly ventured their untried bark in a distant and arduous voyage, urged on by the hopes of a supernatural success; and though they missed the imaginary golden prize which they sought, they unlocked the gates of distant regions, and opened the seas to the keels of the thousands of adventurers, who, in succeeding times, sailed to and fro, to the indefinite increase of the mental treasures of mankind."

But to whatever pitch in learning and philosophy the ancients arrived, we know that in the course of events there came a time, for which we can find no better figure than that of *darkness*, stretching from the fifth to the fifteenth century, over a thousand years of the annals of

our race. This lapse, that lies between the lines of ancient and modern history, dates from the downfall of that seven-hilled city that had garnered into it not only the wealth but the intellect of nations, had made its Roman virtue a lasting proverb, and gathered beneath its eagles the known world. But a change came upon it. Luxury and weakness, an enfeebled literature, and a licentious people, usurped the place of its former greatness. A crisis was at hand. In the decrees of an all-wise Providence the destroyer and the purifier was ready, hoarded in the wild tract that reached from the Danube to the frozen sea. The hosts of the barbarian rushed out from the forests of Germany, and down through the gorges of the Alps, and night and desolation fell upon old Rome. But let us not mistake the character of the Middle Ages. Turbulent and gloomy as they were, they performed a beneficent work in the scheme of human progress. The revolution from which were evolved the destinies of modern Europe, like the convulsions of the material world, was a thorough revolution, breaking in pieces and shifting all landmarks; yet, like one of those grand geological epochs, establishing in the end a new and a better system of things. The Past was corrupted and dying; classical antiquity was worn out, and it needed

that, as it were, a new creation of men, with original ideas, primitive customs and fresh life, should take the place of the mouldering and the dead. This mission was performed, by the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, at one era — and by the Arabian at another.

But although this general upbreaking had engulfed ancient distinctions and overthrown ancient power, the creations of ancient *intellect* had not wholly perished. These were preserved in hidden places, but, in due time, when all was prepared, they were dragged from the musty recess and the imprisoning cell, to shed the light of knowledge upon wild freedom and martial strength, and thus to aid in forming, and moulding into one harmonious whole, the modern man. To trace the growth and the decline, the struggles and the victories of learning, that preceded its final and complete revival in the fifteenth century, would be, however interesting, too long and too irrelevant for our present purpose. Suffice it to say, that there came a revival of learning at last, and to pronounce when the impulses that led to it commenced, would be as difficult as to decide when first appeared the dawning of the Protestant Reformation. The Middle Ages, dark, compared with our time, were not equally dark compared one with

another. Much earlier than some may imagine an impetus was given to learning, and a better morning began to break. Because there was no *general* irradiation at that period, let us not fail to remember the fact that almost constantly, here or there, there was some favorable developement.

But when more unequivocal tokens of improvement at length appeared, and men were admitted to communion with the great models of antiquity, there arose a system which, from its influence upon the mind of that period, and especially upon science, demands our particular notice. I allude to the SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY. This philosophy, in which men had bound together the lofty idealism of Plato with the subtle method and masterly dialectics of Aristotle, was a science of mere words, a congeries of *à-priori* reasonings, and however well fitted for metaphysical and theological discussion, was certainly ill adapted to discovery and progress in natural science. In fact, although there was an improvement in knowledge, there was a lack of bold and independent originality. The intellect was active, but it was entangled in most subtle disquisitions. There was a neglect of personal research. Men were wedded to theories, and those theories were theories of the past. They

did not consider that the volume of nature is not like a printed book, that embalms human opinions and transmits them *as they are*, fixed in their fallibility and their imperfection, to future times; but that it is an Apocalypse of God, ever opening new truths, and rich with the inexhaustible treasures of His wisdom. The scholastic philosophy aided this slavery of opinion. It led men not to discover how things *are*, but to assume what things *should be*. It laid the basis of facts as the foundation, not of a physical but of a metaphysical superstructure. Men aspired to discover the Ideas in the Mind of Deity itself, the Universal Ideas, after which the whole system of things and all its parts and varieties are fashioned. However *spiritual* this is, in fact, a presumptuous philosophy, while the inductive system, so nobly and successfully maintained by Bacon, asserts that true humility by which we sit at the feet of Creative Wisdom and reverently obtain such knowledge as is vouchsafed us. The Inductive Philosophy! whose prime tenets are *observation* and *experiment*, that ascends though slowly yet surely from parts to the whole, and beginning with the very pebble on the sea-shore, traces up, link after link, that glittering chain that binds earth and ocean, satellites and systems, to one great Law of Harmony and Design. Of

what possible benefit, compared with this, were those subtle reasonings of the Past, those debates of the Nominalists and Realists, "whether bird, fish, man, are mere names, or whether somewhere there be a universal bird, fish, or man, which is the archetype of each individual bird, fish, or man?" Yet such a dispute, but a few centuries ago, agitated all intellectual Europe!

Such, then, was the scholastic philosophy, and we may readily conceive its influence upon those branches of science that require, instead of quibbling words and *à-priori* reasonings, the most exact and patient investigation. When men were thus chained to the authority of Aristotle, we do not wonder that the intellect which now analyses and compares, and wins the most brilliant trophies in the great field of the universe, should then run in an endless circle of argument, that the mind that now reads the stars should grow wild with notions of astrology, and that, instead of the accurate and successful chemist, we should have the deluded seeker for the *Philosopher's Stone.*

At the period in which Copernicus lived, the darkness of these Middle Ages was passing away because of the revival of learning. The printing-press had been invented, intellect had leaped, like a strong man, from its bondage of ages, and

men were struggling in the birth-throes of the Reformation. But the full day had not yet broken; it was only the early and gray twilight. The authority of Aristotle, at least in the physical sciences, was still paramount, and had for its defence that which was not to be lightly confronted, the thunder of the Vatican. To resist Aristotle, was not only to oppose the majority of the learned at that period, but that awful Inquisition, with its horrid secrets, and tortures of which it is painful even to hear, perchance awaited him who should assert so much as the shooting of a meteor, if that assertion contradicted the philosopher and the church. But this arrogance of authority against the truth of nature was now short-lived, and Copernicus was destined to hasten its end. This he did by his labors and discoveries in astronomy.

If we except the Arabians, whose influence appears to have been rather conservative than productive, nothing had been gained for this science since the days of Ptolemy, about fourteen hundred years before Copernicus. The system of Ptolemy, among other heir-looms, had been received from the ancients at the revival of learning, and was held with all the reverence which was paid to Aristotle and to authority. There were none of those questionings from

which truth is evolved; there was none of that broad, original investigation, which is the parent of discovery. The earth was regarded as the centre of the universe, and for every retrograde, or irregular motion of the heavenly bodies, a system of innumerable and inextricable circles afforded an explanation. The complicated hypotheses of astronomers, at that date, are best described by Milton:

> "Hereafter, when they come to model heaven,
> And calculate the stars, how will they wield
> The mighty frame! How build, unbuild, contrive,
> To save appearances! How gird the sphere
> With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle in epicycle, orb in orb!"

Many, like poor Alphonso of Castile, must have been completely bewildered by this complicated maze, and wished for a more simple explanation of the universe. It needed that, amid all these learned but perplexed philosophers, one should rise up and demonstrate that not their reasonings, but their system itself was wrong. In short, that Hipparchus and Ptolemy, from beginning to end, had proceeded upon a fundamental error.

That demonstration *was* made. In that retired canonry of Frauenberg, there was a mind acute enough to detect error, bold enough to resist

authority, and patient and able to unroll the true system of the universe by the power of irresistible induction. COPERNICUS was the potent magician, who, in the language of his famous successor, Tycho Brahè, "moved the earth from its foundations, stopped the revolution of the firmament, made the sun stand still, and subverted the whole ancient order of the universe."

To dwell upon the process and the reasonings of Copernicus, would render our subject complicated and uninteresting. Suffice it to say, that dissatisfied and perplexed by the Ptolemaic system, he sought for a more simple and symmetrical theory of the universe. With him, this was no rash work. The great mind is ever humble and studious, and it was a mark of his wisdom, that he not only dared to question the first principles of Ptolemy, and the reverend wisdom of ages, but that, with wise eclecticism and patient investigation, he waited for long years, in order that his system might stand the rigid and impartial test of nature. Like his great contemporary, Luther, he does not appear at first to have comprehended the magnitude of the revolution that he was about to effect, and halted, in the commencement, upon a minor point. But, in either case, that halting was the decision of a free, bold mind, a mind determined to follow reason and

truth wherever they led, though the earth should be moved to its centre, and the devices of ages crumble at a touch. Thus selecting the truthful hints of old astronomers, by the aid of his own reasonings, he constructed the true doctrine of the solar system, causing, thereby, not only an era in astronomy, but an era in the progress of the human mind, being one of the earliest of the bold attacks upon dogmatism, one of the mightiest efforts against ancient error, one of the noblest impulses for the freedom of mind.

The great work in which Copernicus published his discoveries, was not printed until 1543, the year of his death, yet it is thought that his theory must have been established in his own mind long before, and that he commenced writing it down as early as 1507. Thus thirty-six years it was kept by him before it was promulgated, although its fame preceded its publication. Whatever reasons we may assign for this delay, we have good grounds to suppose that the true modesty of genius, combined with the noble motive of observation, had its influence in postponing the publication of his book. We find that patiently he calculated and verified, ere he gave his immortal legacy to the world. It is a sublime thing to see him toiling thus, without a telescope, with instruments of his own construction, with all the

learned of Europe opposed to him in theory, drawing his threads of argument from the stars, and weaving, in tissues of light, his incontrovertible doctrine of the celestial motions. He did not live to hear the admiration that centuries have coupled with his name. But genius has its own reward, and he, doubtless, felt it, when the sun took its station, the earth moved on, and the array of planets marched before him, around their common centre. He alone, above the rush and the turmoil of fleeting existence, in the elevation and silence of his own thought, was the first permitted to gaze into those shoreless depths and behold the true grandeur of the universe.

After pressing solicitation, and a delay of thirty-six years, his book was published, but he did not live to witness its reception by the world. A complete printed copy was put into his hands, but — he was upon his dying bed! The spirit of the old man *then* was employed with higher realities even than those of the stars. What, then, to him was the fame or the censure that might attach to that work? He had labored according to his light, but now he was about to have a clearer vision. He but touched the book, as it were, bequeathing it to posterity, and the death-chamber was still, for his spirit had gone where "the stars of the firmament are spread

out like the isles of the ocean." But that Book! What shall be its fate? Shall it sink in the waves of angry controversy? Shall its doctrine perish, like some frail hypothesis, at the stroke of bold reasoners? No! It holds the Truth, and, like the gush of the morning light, Truth must go forward. Aristotle cannot prevent it now. The thunders of the Vatican, on this dim speck, the earth, are lost in the vastness of the universe. They may pile their books mountains high, but they cannot reach the sun, to pluck it from its old, fixed sphere. They can weave a web of subtle arguments that may entangle theories, but they cannot stay the swift earth in its course. Lo! yonder a vista opens, and great men, whose names have made the ages immortal, approach, and reverently take that book from the trembling hand of the dying astronomer of Frauenberg. See, they have taken it for their chart, as they scan the upper deeps, and trace their far discoveries through the sky! And yonder, glittering tubes are pointing into heaven, and new orbs burst through the field of the telescope upon the enraptured vision of Galileo. And Kepler propounds his beautiful triad of laws. And Newton discovers a power more subtle than the light, that, pervading nature like one com-

mon soul, links every atom to its mate, and binds all systems to the throne of the Eternal.

Such, then, was the great achievement of Copernicus, and such is the relation that he bears to human progress. The science to which he gave an impulse, is, of itself, no mean agent in that progress. But this impulse is not all the effect of his labors. He taught men, in a bigoted and servile time of intellect, to resist authority, no matter how highly esteemed, if it links itself with palpable error. He gave a great example of seeking in the maze of controversy and the war of words, *first principles.* And while, with true greatness, he modestly conferred with those who had gone before, he listened to his own convictions, when nature and reason assured him he was right. We have a pleasing instance of this in the manner in which he treated an objection that was brought against his theory, in regard to the planet Venus. To those who are but little acquainted with astronomy, it is known that, from the relative positions of Venus and the earth, while they mutually revolve around the sun, Venus, seen through the telescope, will, unless in one peculiar point of the heavens, appear phased, or horned, like the moon. But, to the naked eye, that star ever presents the same bright, beautiful disc. There was

no telescope in the time of Copernicus, and his opposers said to him, "Now, if your theory be true, and Venus is not going around the earth, but it and the earth are both moving about the sun, why does not Venus exhibit phases?" What was Copernicus to do? He had no telescope, no means for bringing the planet nearer; but he had the calm confidence that rests on reason, and too well assured of the truth of his theory from observation, to surrender it now, he replied, "If men ever see Venus better, they will discern her phases." What was the result? Almost the first sweep that Galileo took with his telescope, revealed *the phases of Venus*, and confirmed the prediction of the Polish astronomer!

For reasons like these, then, we place Copernicus among the benefactors of his race, as one of the men who have done something for human progress. Some may say that his theory was hinted at before. True, but never before did it become instead of an hypothesis, or a limited doctrine, a great and kindling truth. We might answer, that so was Bacon's inductive theory hinted at before; so was Luther's Reformation more than hinted at before. But we accord the honor to the men who have not only hinted, but taught; who have not only taught, but struggled;

who have not only struggled, but have won the victory.

"We learn from tradition," says Professor Nichol, "that Copernicus was a man of fresh complexion and fair hair, so grave that, at first sight, one might have deemed him austere; but such impressions were momentary. Mild and gentle, unostentatiously benevolent, he was one to reverence. His demeanor was even, steadfast, and still; he cared not for jests, or irrelevant reading; and he never broke a friendship. Foreordained to a great work, his mind kept itself near the fountain of truth, by nourishing all the affections." The present age has been just to Copernicus, seeking out his residence and his tomb; and, recently, a statue from the masterly hand of Thorwaldsen was erected to him in Warsaw. But his memory is emblazoned on the heavens.

And now, what lesson does his history give us? Even this, — to follow truth and reason, to be humble and hopeful. Let us not deny truth. How humiliating the spectacle of the successor of Copernicus, venerable and renowned, bowing before bigoted and superstitious power, to deny with his lips what his soul knew to be true! And let us not set limits to knowledge. In the original edition of Bacon's *Novum Organum*,

there is a representation of a vessel passing beyond the pillars of Hercules — fit emblem of the venture which *he* made without the bounds that dogmatism and arrogance had set to mental progress. So let *us* wait for new discoveries from beyond wide oceans that we have, as yet, not thought of. And, finally, let us not fear that the issues of natural science shall be scepticism, or anarchy. Through all God's works there runs a beautiful harmony. The remotest truth in His universe is linked to that which lies nearest the throne. The Voice that was heard in the burning bush, is the same Oracle as that which speaks in the midnight thunder and the stormy wind. The same Love shines all through the deeps of heaven, and glistens in the crystals of the rock, that hung around the announcement at Ephrata.

I, for one, have trust in these two things, — that men will grow better as they *know* more, and that nothing will ever come to wreck our confidence and our hope. Only let us be humble, feeling that the finite mind must circle *within* the Infinite, for through humility we shall gain knowledge, and through knowledge, *communion*. When, after all our analysis and induction, we arrive at the great MYSTERY of the universe, as we shall in the very moss by the

wayside, let us stand reverently, with our finger upon our lips, and our right hand on the altar of Faith, waiting for new revelations. And when the revelation is made, however glorious the treasures it unfolds, however deep the vista it opens above us, still will it be a manifestation of HIM whom we see alike in the rolling sphere, and the falling leaf; still will it lead us upward to *Love* and to *Adore!*

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